

NEXT WEEK, "THE NAVIES OF THE WORLD."

LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED

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As the spring advances and street life in the city takes on its more busy and enlivening forms, the organ-grinder once more seeks his accustomed haunts on the East Side, and finds eager welcome from the children of the poor. Our picture shows a scene on Hester Street, near Allen—the centre of the most densely populated district in the world—on one of the brighter days in early March. In pleasant summer days, hundreds of children in this district engage in sidewalk dances to the music of barrel-organs.

A HARBINGER OF SPRING ON THE EAST SIDE, NEW YORK.—DRAWN BY MISS G. A. DAVIS.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

ARKELL WEEKLY COMPANY, Publishers and Proprietors,
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MARCH 28, 1895.

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Unity of American Education.



Increasing unity in the system and spirit of American education is evident. This unity may be called at once horizontal and perpendicular. The horizontal unity consists in a closer relationship between schools and colleges of the same grade; the perpendicular in a closer relationship between schools and colleges of all grades. The horizontal unity existed first, and possibly is, in certain relations, of less influence at the present time than at certain former periods. The perpendicular is of later origin, and is constantly gaining strength. The grammar schools of a town, of a county, of a State, are now more closely joined together and are more nearly alike in method and studies than they have ever been. The schools, also, of a single State are more inclined to unite together for the purpose of promoting their own ends. The colleges, too, of the whole country are becoming more and more homogeneous in respect to the methods and conditions of their courses of study. But, also, what is more important, this sense of oneness is coming to apply to all colleges and to all schools, from the primary school to the university. The perpendicular unity increases swiftly. The famous report of "The Committee of Ten" was at once the cause and the result of this increasing oneness. For this report and other reports have made evident that much time is lost in the American education through the failure of the primary teacher to adjust his teaching to the work in the grammar school, and also through the failure of the grammar-school teacher to adjust his teaching to the work to be done in the high school; and further, through the failure on the part of the teacher in the high school to adjust his methods to meet the requirements of the college curriculum. But the present and increasing purpose is for each school to dovetail its courses and methods to the courses and methods for which it is a preparatory.

This increasing sense of unity has illustration in a meeting which is called by the leaders of education of various grades in the States of the central West, to be held this month in Evanston, Illinois. There is an association in New England of the colleges and high schools of New England, an association which President Eliot says is the best association of which he knows. There is a similar association in the Middle States, including Maryland. It is now proposed to form an association of a like character among the States of the central West. If an association of a similar nature should be formed on the Pacific slope we should have four associations in this country of the high schools and colleges, each of which in its field would do much to promote this sense of unity. It is not too much to hope that in the near future there may be formed one such association consisting of the thirty or forty best colleges in the whole country, and the thirty or forty best high schools and academies. Such an association would exert a controlling power upon the progress of American education in its ideas and ideals.

Anarchism of the Democratic Party.

The lightning-change artist in politics appears to have arrived. His name is Richard Olney, formerly corporation lawyer of Massachusetts, and lately, by the grace of Mr. Cleveland, Attorney-General of the United States. His recent defense of the Democratic-Populist income-tax measure is one of the most lugubriously funny things to which the present administration has given expression. "When this Income Tax law," remarks our regenerated and consecrated corporation attorney, "makes a special class of business corporations and taxes their incomes at a higher rate than that applied to the incomes of persons not incorporated, it but recognizes existing social facts and conditions which it would be folly to ignore. It is common knowledge that corporations are so successful an agency for the accumulation of wealth that a large section of the community views them with intense disfavor, as maliciously and cunningly devised inventions for making rich people richer and poor people poorer. Congress has adopted," he adds, "as the minimum income for purposes of taxation the limit of four thousand dollars. The limit may be said now to divide the upper from the lower middle class, financially speaking, in the larger cities; or to divide the middle class from the wealthy in the country."

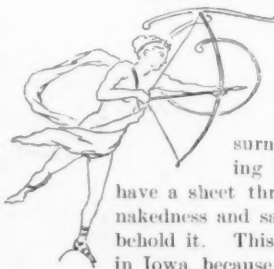
So it has been reserved for the Democratic party, or the incoherent and incohesive collection of statesmen now masquerading under that name, to set up, or attempt to set up, "class" as a recognized factor or fact in American life,

based on a mere difference in money, after having been beaten some thirty years ago in an attempt to uphold the idea of "class" or "caste" based on blood or color. Is not this a piece of amazing audacity, of colossal political effrontery, worthy, indeed, only of that kind of anarchistic Titan so happily described by Virgil as a "*Monstrum, horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum*?"

Yet there is one thing even more astounding than Mr. Olney's moral and mental somersault, and that is Mr. James C. Carter's plea on the same subject before the United States Supreme Court. Referring to this pet measure of the just defunct and justly discredited Congress, he exclaims: "If in the very hour of their triumph the people find an obstacle in their way in the shape of a judgment in a law-suit, they will find a way to accomplish their ends over the Constitution and the courts."

This is the first time, we believe, that a threat, veiled or bare, has been hurled in the teeth of the supreme tribunal of this nation. This is, however, a natural outcome from the vicious income-tax idea. Let us look at this measure with candor, and strip it of its cant. It is, as Mr. Olney accidentally admits, a scheme to curry favor with a section of the country. It is, therefore, a base encouragement of sectionalism. It is illogical, for if the profit system is a just one, the attempt to tax down a man's profits is absurd. We do not maintain that the profit system is justifiable on the highest moral grounds. The ideal government, the industrial republic of the future, may be based on some kind of scientific socialism. But this Democratic throwing of a sop to Cerberus in the shape of an unjust tax on incomes will not hasten the dawn of any desirable and reasonable equalization of man's material comforts and educational opportunities. Such legislation only tends to anarchy—anarchy pure and simple, with a man on horseback looming up through a blood-red mist in the twentieth century.

The Nude in Art.



THE committee having in charge the erection of a soldiers' monument at Des Moines is perplexed as to whether the female figure surmounting the shaft and typifying Iowa should be undraped, or have a sheet thrown around it to cover its nakedness and save the modesty of those who behold it. This is probably a new question in Iowa, because it is not likely that the good people of that prosperous State have long been troubled by any problems as to the province and limitations of art. But it is not a new question in other parts of the world, but dates from the ending of that happy period when "men were naked and not ashamed." And this question is not likely to be settled so long as any thing created or produced in the name of art can make men ashamed. Now this matter of shame and what produces it gets to the very marrow of the question, and if we could decide what should occasion shame and what should not, we should be able to come very near to a decision as to the province of the nude in art. But there is a great difficulty here, for in such things, as in what men eat and drink, what is one man's meat is another man's poison. Recalling this old saw with the present question in mind, another saying suggests itself, and we are reminded of the old and time-honored adage that to the pure all things are pure. But neither of these helps to elucidate the subject, for a work of art which is grateful to one because he can stand anything may not be in itself justifiable, and so a work of art which does not shock one who cannot be shocked may still not be all that it should be.

The artists tell us that art has nothing to do with morality, and that beauty justifies anything in which true beauty is. There is a deal of truth in this, but the average person—and the average persons outnumber those who are gifted with artistic abnegation as a hundred to one—will not understand and will not agree to such a simple solution of a problem which, though he may not understand it, will still continue to worry him. To the average person, therefore, any arguments as to representations of the nude on canvas or in marble must be addressed; the artists may well be left out, for they settled the matter, each one for himself, in the drawing class when he first sketched from life. In such classes art students are taught that until a draughtsman knows the human form undraped he cannot hope to represent a human figure, however much it be clothed. Indeed, some teachers recommend that an outline of a nude figure be always sketched in before it be supplied with drapery. Sculptors, we are told, always follow this practice, and, however conventional or complete may be the garb of the completed statue, the sculptor first models the figure naked and then puts on the necessary garments. But with the process of the work the public has no concern; with the completed work it is another matter. If we are called upon to look upon a painting or a sculpture which shocks our modesty, then such nude representations are not for us. So the inquiry comes back to the starting point as to what should and what should not shock and make us to be ashamed.

Now there be in the world persons so coarse of mind that all things whatever, clothed or unclothed, suggest to

them unclean thoughts, nasty reflections. Chief among these are the gross sensualists, to whom there is in neither innocence nor beauty any sacredness; then we have the prudens—men and women of such coarse and suspicious minds that they believe that all other men and women in the world are on the verge of lustful sin. For these all nudes should be forbidden, but then everything else that is beautiful in the world also provokes their passions or their condemnation. So, unless all the refinements, the luxuries, and the beauties of life should be given up out of consideration for them, we should be content to eliminate them and leave both their positive and their negative coarseness out of this question. In other words, they should not be permitted to count as factors in the solution of the problem.

But there are nudes that should offend all right-minded people and all people of good taste. These are the works which in their composition suggest a something that gives to the nakedness of the figure some meaning other than that of simple beauty. For instance, the picture of a woman in her bath, startled by a visitor and attempting to hide her nakedness from observation. That is a favorite theme, and there are a thousand such pictures hanging in the bar-rooms of the great cities. Now such a picture is inherently coarse, and immoral, too, it makes no difference how excellent may be the technique of the artist who painted it. But mere nakedness is not shameful, whether it be the nakedness of angels or of humans, of men or of women. The human form is the most beautiful thing in nature, and to shut it out of the province of pictorial or plastic art would be a concession to coarseness—to coarseness which should itself be banished or be cured. The commercial value of a suggestive picture with nude figures often tempts painters to do base and ignoble work of realism, and such works bring sincere painters, with lofty ideals and soaring imagination, into disrepute. But the abuse of great talents is no sufficient condemnation of them; on the contrary, the creators of pure beauty should be made more distinguished from the fact that they are restrained and moved at once by considerations of beauty alone. Let us, therefore, do honor to those who can create and to those who can appreciate ideal beauty, and let us despise the sordid artists who pander to coarse tastes for commercial rewards; at the same time we should cultivate a healthy contempt for brutal sensualism and the ignorant suspicions of those who are not much better than the actively vile whose unrestrained passions overstep the bounds of nature and compel purity to shield itself as though a constant war were waged against it.

A Morning's Catch.

AN editor's mail is a sort of drag-net which brings up creatures of every sort, good and evil, pleasant and otherwise. Sometimes it is difficult to fix the class to which the catch belongs, whether to the amphibodan, the amphibia, or the amphibena, but this uncertainty merely adds to its interest and value, since the determination of the precise genus or family gives the editor, who is usually burdened with a great deal of leisure, an opportunity for study and research which is immensely stimulating and helpful. But the editorial mail is not always thus doubtful or ambiguous in its character. More frequently his correspondence is exceptionally plain and explicit—not to say blunt and incisive. We have an illustration of this fact in two notes which came to our desk simultaneously a few mornings ago. There is no difficulty at all in determining the class to which these communications belong. One of them, dated at Asbury Park, New Jersey, reads as follows:

"EDITOR OF LESLIE'S WEEKLY:—The WEEKLY is a feast of good things. Your editorials are unusually fine. The criticism of that sensational minister makes me feel good all over. Give it to them! A vulgar man in the pulpit is so many more times vulgar because of his position and his cloth. There is too much of that kind of thing. It would be a wholesome restraint of the sensationalism of our modern pulpit, if there were to be a suit for criminal libel instigated occasionally against these abominable nuisances in clerical garments. Your editorial on 'Reform Must not be Side-tracked' and that also on the Connecticut election purchase are right in the line of what is needed to-day. I wish more of our leading newspapers and periodicals would emulate you in this much-needed work. The article on the living picture indecency of Koster & Bial's and other low-down theatres is to my mind sorely needed in New York City, and possibly in all large cities. Please accept my unqualified thanks for your courageous attacks upon the vile in social, political, and theatrical life. God bless you, is the prayer of a dominion."

"P.S.—Your criticism of the Hoboken ministers and others in their senseless antagonism of Ingersoll will meet, you may be assured, with the approval of all Christians, clergy and laity, of good common sense."

It goes without saying that this cordial commendation of our editorial attitude as to various questions, coming as it does from a clergyman, affords us genuine pleasure. The net has seldom brought up a more satisfactory catch. But our satisfaction is mitigated by the courteous intimation of our second correspondent that the very thing which is commended as chiefly meritorious by our friend of Asbury Park is really a most infamous and diabolical outrage. This is the wiggle that comes to us from Collegeville, Pennsylvania, under date of the 9th instant:

"SIR:—Your article in the last number of LESLIE'S WEEKLY, headed 'Indecency in the Pulpit,' is a cruel insult to a worthy clergyman, whose sermon, to which you refer, on American snobbery, was patriotic and a just rebuke to the disgraceful toadyism of Americans to royalty. A clergyman has as much right to his opinion as an editor, and should be treated with respect. The 'indecency' is on your side. To see ten millions pass from democracy to monarchism, and from free thought to exclusive priestcraft, and to illustrate and applaud it, shows that you are not true to American institutions, and

that you are a lickspittle and a snob. I cannot read your articles with the same respect as heretofore, and I have lost confidence in your fidelity to American principles.

A SUBSCRIBER."

We are sorry that "Subscriber" did not give us his name with his protest. It would have lent dignity and emphasis to its graceful and gentle phraseology. It is bad enough to be "a lickspittle and a snob," but to be characterized as such anonymously, that grieves us to the marrow. And then, to be branded as faithless to "American principles"; could anything, in this day of reviving patriotism, be more humiliating to the editorial mind? But is it not barely possible that "Subscriber" is in error in assuming that it is an "American principle" that a clergyman has a right to play the blackguard in his pulpit, and that infidelity to "American institutions" consists in protesting against the prostitution of the preacher's office to the lowest levels of vicious sensationalism? We shall possess our minds in patience and hope until some authoritative constitutional expounder shows us to be mistaken in this hesitant suggestion.



WE are glad to learn, on its own authority, that the *Tribune* is not for sale. It is doing such sturdy service for municipal reform and for the promotion of sound Republican policy in the nation at large that any change in its proprietorship would be matter of regret. It is gratifying, too, to know that it is exceptionally prosperous, since we have in this fact a proof that the people appreciate high-toned, courageous journalism, in which the editorial conscience rather than the whims of any partisan autocrat, or the alleged "necessities" of any partisan clique, is always the determining factor. It is even more gratifying to learn that Mr. Reid, who has been reported to be seriously ill, "is in as good health to-day as he has been at any time during the last ten years." The announcement of this fact will afford genuine pleasure to a multitude of people all over the country.

THE records of the foreign mail bureau of the Post-office Department afford interesting and instructive information as to the wonderful perfection which has been reached by modern steamship lines in ocean navigation. The science of navigation appears, in the light of these statistics, to have been reduced to an accuracy in the covering of great distances almost if not quite as exact as that of railway trains operated by fixed schedules. On all the principal lines the steamers carrying the mails are so regular, as to time, that their arrival on either side may be calculated almost to the hour. Thus the widest variation of the *New York*, of the American line, in crossing the ocean fifty-five times in both directions, at all seasons of the year, in the last two years, has been only one hour and twenty-one minutes. The *Campania*, of the Cunard line, in eight voyages in 1893, made an average time varying but one minute from that made in ten voyages in 1894. The *Ten-tonic*, of the White Star line, shows a difference of only nine minutes average time between twelve trips in 1893 and eleven trips the year following. When all the hazards of the sea, resulting from uncertain wind and weather, are taken into consideration, these records must certainly be regarded as remarkable.

WHILE Republican politicians at Albany and in this city are figuring how they can best turn to partisan advantage the popular uprising in favor of municipal reform, the Tammany magnates are quietly at work perfecting their organization with a view of recovering their lost prestige and once more installing themselves in supreme control. To this end it is proposed to eliminate the especially obnoxious leaders and to introduce in their places persons of influence and respectability, as was done after the downfall of the Tweed régime, when Samuel J. Tilden, August Belmont, and others of that class were called into the organization. There are those, of course, who imagine that it will be an easy matter to prevent a Tammany restoration, but such persons vastly underrate the forces with which they have to deal. These forces are sleepless in activity and relentless in purpose, and can only be held permanently in check by an honest and thorough union of the reform elements on a distinctively unselfish and non-partisan basis. With a certain class of Republican leaders doing everything in their power to disintegrate the elements and foment distrust and suspicion as to the sincerity of the men who have made the reform movement what it is, the outlook is not encouraging for the maintenance of this essential unity.

In a recent communication to the authorities of Guatemala, urging that country to send an envoy to Rome, Monsignor Satolli advances the argument that the provision of the national constitution which, as in that of the United States, separates the church from the state, "does not exclude official relations between the one power and the other, unless by separation is meant the inevitable hostility or open wrong of the civil power toward the church and its ministry." He adds that to "establish diplomatic relations between the Holy See and the government of this country

or of Guatemala a concordat would not be necessary," because "the holy father enjoys always, in fact and by international right, the prerogatives of sovereignty." Monsignor Satolli has heretofore been so careful in his utterances as to the distinctively American policy concerning all ecclesiastical pretensions, that this assertion of the supremacy of the Roman pontiff will occasion some surprise, and will be likely to quicken the suspicion which has been more than once expressed, that his mission to this country has other objects than the pacification of unruly elements in the church. The American Protective Association and other anti-Catholic organizations now much in evidence could not desire a more fruitful or suggestive text on which to preach their crusade than the papal ablegate has furnished them in the expressions we have quoted.

AN interesting question of jurisdiction is likely to arise between the Federal government and the State of Virginia. When the race-track gamblers who were driven from this State and New Jersey, by hostile legislation, sought and failed to trench themselves in Maryland, they bought an island, a small spot of ground near the Long Bridge over the Potomac at Washington, where they established a track, and in November last commenced racing, running their horses six days a week without regard to weather. Spite of popular protests, races have been continued through the winter, under conditions of the utmost cruelty and demoralization, several horses having been killed and others disabled, while a number of jockeys have been badly injured. The Virginia authorities having failed to suppress the evil, the humane citizens of the District have now raised the question of jurisdiction, claiming that, under the terms of the act which fixes the southern boundary of the District at low-water mark on the Virginia shore of the Potomac, the island where the racing is carried on is really within the District limits, and subject to its authority. If this contention is upheld by a judicial determination a contest will no doubt follow, in which, of course, Virginia will have the backing of the gamblers who are now profiting by her complaisance, as they did by that of the New Jersey authorities in the palmy days of Guttenberg and Gloucester. It is surprising that Virginia, where racing has always been regulated by honest and cleanly standards, should for a moment tolerate the degradation of the turf by the disreputable practices now ostentatiously perpetrated on soil which she claims as her own.

Men and Things.

"This passeth year by year and day by day."

THE Municipal Art Society is in need of funds. Most societies are at present in the same condition, including society at large, but few of them have the claims on us that this very worthy one has. Five people out of seven don't even know of its existence, and only one of the other two cares anything about it. I hope this paragraph may meet the eyes—and then directly influence the pocket-books—of the ignorant five and the indifferent one. The society was organized in 1893, and its object is "to provide adequate sculptural and pictorial decorations for the public buildings and parks in the city of New York," and to elevate "the public taste in matters of decorative art." Truly a worthy object for the support of all our citizens. It is a purely philanthropic organization, for, as often as its treasury will permit, it proposes to give to the city as a free gift, "some important work of art." It has already commissioned Edward Simmons to decorate the courtroom of Oyer and Terminer in the new criminal courts building in Centre Street. Therefore the present urgent need of money. There are five hundred members of the society; there should be five or ten thousand. Men and women are eligible, and the membership fee is but five dollars a year. Any one wishing to join may do so by sending his or her name and a cheque, payable to Henry Marquand, treasurer, to Edward Hamilton Bell, secretary, No. 48 East Twentieth Street. It is to be hoped that the membership will rapidly increase. The proper embellishment of our public parks and buildings should be a matter of pride to the people, and they can do no better than to place it in the hands of such a capable executor as the Municipal Fine Arts Society.

The late Mr. Marbury was probably the oldest practicing attorney in New York. He was one of the founders of the Bar Association, and stood at the head of his profession for the last thirty or forty years. His stories were as famous almost as the late William Travers's—though if the truth were known many a founding jest has been foisted upon them both with little or no claim for parentage. A favorite one with him concerned the visit to this country of a Cockney solicitor, who was characteristically mixed up in the use of his h's. The Englishman, commenting on the legal profession of New York, said that its members were very proficient and learned, but that they were absolutely ignorant on the subject of "hentail." "Ah," answered Marbury, "my dear sir, we may be ignorant of the hentail, but our knowledge of the cocktail is unsurpassed."

That bloodless battle-ground, the *North American Review*, is resounding with the acrimonious debate of two very genial and ordinarily gentle humorists. Paul Bourget's very amusing impressions of the United States in "Outre

Mer" was the first cause. Mark Twain took umbrage at the cursory character of M. Bourget's observations, and treated him to three or four pages of facetiously scathing criticism. And Max O'Rell is now up in arms for the defense of his countryman. The main matter of contention is this: Bourget in one part of his book says, with delightful humor and with not a trace of malice, that when Americans have nothing else to do they busy themselves trying to find out who their grandfathers were. Mark Twain, missing the good-natured spirit in which this was said, retorted, more wittily than judiciously, that when Frenchmen had any time to spare they spent it in trying to discover who their fathers were. This was too much for the Gallic temper, and O'Rell, in the *March North American*, rates Twain soundly. It is a little matter, but to ordinary people, who can hardly realize that professional funny men ever get out of humor, it affords much amusement.

An amusing instance of the contempt which certain methods peculiar to our American newspapers inspire in conservative foreigners is given in the last number of the *Revue Illustrée*, one of the best of the French weeklies. The *Revue* publishes from time to time lists of the favorite things of noted Parisians, and all Paris and part of the rest of the world is made acquainted with the favorite flower, book, poet, hero, play, color, and what-not of Daudet, Coquelin, Reichemberg, Bernhardt, or whoever it may chance to be. In the current number which I speak of, Francisque Sarcey, the veteran critic, was asked to give a list of his favorite favorites, but instead of becoming a party to the silliness he wrote—his note is published in the *Revue*—as follows: "Moi! répondre à ce questionnement! Jamais! non jamais! la tête sur le billot! Ça . . . c'est du journalisme à l'américaine." Which quite expresses it. To cultivated Frenchmen and Englishmen, and Americans as well, everything that is impertinent, petty, inconsequential, not to say far worse, is characteristic of *journalisme à l'américaine*.

LOUIS EVAN SHIPMAN.



—If Senator Shoup, who has just been re-elected by the Idaho Legislature, should ever feel inclined to turn his hand toward literature he could produce from his own experiences some highly interesting stories of the "Pathfinder" and Ned Buntline kind. He was a scout in the Rocky Mountains from 1861 to 1864, and he has killed Indians and had hand-to-hand encounters with grizzly-bears. The fame of his daring is still fresh in what was until recently the western border of American civilization. In the army Senator Shoup attained the rank of colonel. His personality belies his character, for he is quiet and retiring and mild-mannered.

—Alma-Tadema shows his Dutch nativity in his physique. He is short, robust, and stout, with a benign and amiable face. He is slow and painstaking with his brush, content to produce two good paintings in a year, and sometimes willing to devote several years to the completion of one elaborate masterpiece. For several years past his paintings and the etched or engraved reproductions of them have commanded higher prices than the work of any other artist in England. One reason of this, particularly as regards the etchings, is that Alma-Tadema frequently retouches and finishes them after the proofs have been submitted to him.

—But little is heard nowadays about Henry M. Stanley. An American correspondent recently found him living very quietly and very contentedly, for an explorer, in a humdrum way in London. He sat in his library at a desk that was laden with typewritten manuscript, and smoked a brier-root pipe while he talked more enthusiastically about the condition of the poor in London than about Africa. His recent life of ease in town has improved the physical appearance of the explorer, and restored the flesh and nervous force he lost in penetrating the fastnesses of the Dark Continent.

—S. R. Crockett, whom the "Stickit Minister" made famous, has now an assured income of twenty-five thousand dollars a year, and is said to have contracted to do enough literary work to keep his pen busy for the rest of the century. Only recently he occupied a pulpit in a Scotch village church on a salary of twelve hundred dollars. Mr. Crockett is a very fine figure of a man, six feet two inches in height, and broadly proportioned. He is a graduate of Edinburgh University, and was a reporter on a London daily newspaper before he went into the ministry.

—How great a lottery literature is, is evidenced in a striking way by the experience of George Du Maurier, who sold "Trilby" for five thousand dollars, when the publishers' offer would have yielded him nearer twenty-five thousand dollars; and by the previous experience of General Lew Wallace, who once unsuccessfully offered the manuscript of "A Fair God" for seventy-five dollars, while the royalties on "Ben-Hur" have returned him seventy-five thousand dollars. He is said to have sold his "Prince of India" for fifty thousand dollars outright.

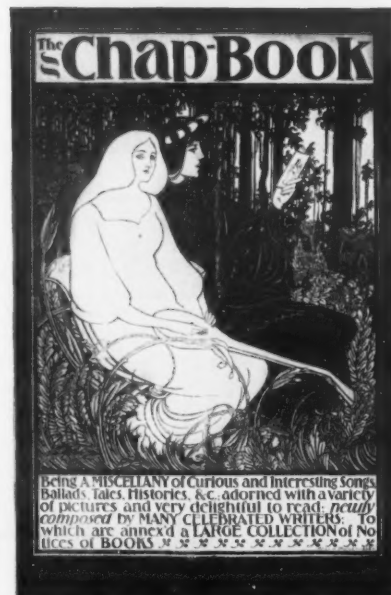
The Poster Mania.



THE DECADENT POSTER.

AFTER a few abortive attempts New York has succeeded in getting itself into a frenzy over that very modern thing, the artistic poster. As long ago as 1889 the first exhibition of *affiches* was given at the Grolier Club, and since then the interest in them has progressed and spread until nearly every one now knows a good bill from a poor one. There have been no less than seven collections shown in New York and vicinity this winter, the last being the one that is now on view at Pratt Institute, Brooklyn.

Of course the inspiration to make advertisements things of beauty came out of France, and I can't help saying that most of the inspiration has stayed there; but more of that after. Chéret was the first man who realized the artistic possibilities of the poster, and under his leadership a group of Frenchmen have been making the art of the boarding their special study, with really important results. For anything which is on view, so to speak, publicly, day in and out throughout the year, must have an important influence on the thousands who see it daily, even though they are unconscious of it. And many of the posters now on our fences are accomplishing more good than a dozen museums of art would do in a decade. Chéret and his followers have been working for twenty years, and it is really but to-day that their work has become known to us. Grasset, Willette, Ibels, Steinleu, Guillaume, Lantrec, were all unknown names three years ago—that is to most; to-day they are known everywhere as men of unusual artistic qualities, who have chosen bill-posters as a medium for their self-expression. Heretofore the "*affiche*" has been considered as beneath notice, "*declassé*—on the streets," as it has been cleverly put, but these men have dignified it and made it a thing of beauty as well as of utility. Here and in England the perception of the possibilities of the poster came slowly. In 1892 or 1893 Edward Penfield put forth the first of his Harper series, and since then, steadily, a number of our younger men have been working with great success, though on purely imitative lines. In England Beardsley has done two or three striking things, and we all know Dudley Hardy's very gay Gaiety Girl, who flaunted herself at us during the early autumn. Greiffenhagen, too, another



AMERICAN POSTER—W. BRADLEY.



CHARACTERISTIC EXAMPLE OF CHÉRET.

A NEW LIFE OF NAPOLEON MAGNIFICENTLY ILLUSTRATED



IS NOW BEGINNING IN
THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

"THE SUN OF AUSTERLITZ," BY GRASSET.

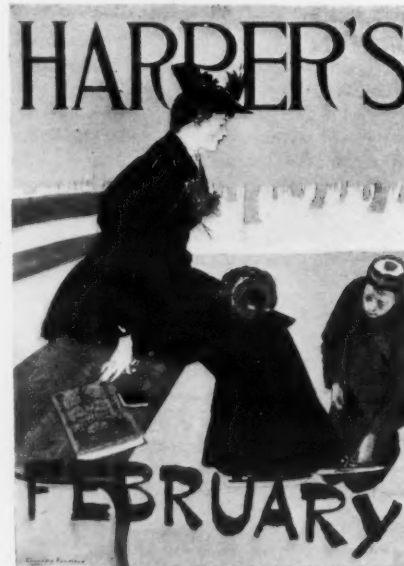


EXAMPLE OF GRASSET.

Englishman, has done some that are remarkably clever, notably the one for the *Pall Mall Budget*, which was posted all over London last summer. I mention these because they are familiar, and every one knows by this time Grasset's "*Sun of Austerlitz*"—shown in illustration—for which we are indebted to the *Century*. Grasset in many ways is the most remarkable of the poster men to-day. In the first place, his work is different; its originality, while encouraging imitation, simply defies it. He disobeys all the rules which the poster is supposed to conform to—simplicity of design and line; and his colors and combinations of them are superb. I say he disobeys *all* rules of poster art—I mean all but the most important two—they are, first to attract attention, then to hold it. He succeeds admirably and by methods entirely his own.

I have said that the inspiration for making the bill-board a thing of beauty had pretty much stayed where it came from—France. But men like Penfield, Rhead, and Bradley are beginning to take a line of their own, and their posters this winter are showing a great deal of strength and originality. Penfield in particular belongs entirely to himself. He has a humor, too, that is quite delightful, and always peculiarly applicable to the subject of his advertisement. I should place him at the head of American designers of the poster. Will Bradley, a Chicago man, comes next. He is so completely under the thrall of Beardsley, though, that it is hard to determine what he'll do when he escapes it. His Chap-Book bills are excellent, however, as are many of his things done for the *Inland Printer*. Louis Rhead has frankly taken Grasset for his model, and while much of his decorative work is very beautiful, he misses the masterful touch of the Frenchman. These are the three men doing work in America to-day who attract most attention. Kenyon Cox has just essayed an advertisement for *Scribner's*. It fails utterly, to my mind, black and white being of no use on the side of a house, or a fence covering. People glance at it, but they never give it a second thought. Color is the all-important thing—it catches the eye and holds it.

LOUIS EVAN SHIPMAN.



AMERICAN POSTER BY PENFIELD.

EXHIBITION OF POSTERS AT PRATT INSTITUTE, BROOKLYN.—FROM THE COLLECTION OF L. E. SHIPMAN.



"Her daughter bent toward her and kissed her."

THE STARK MUNRO LETTERS.*

As written by J. Stark Munro to his friend and former fellow-student, Herbert Swanborough, of Lowell, Massachusetts, during the years 1881-84.

EDITED AND ARRANGED BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

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XV.—(Continued.)



NE curious patient has come my way who has been of great service to me. She is a stately-looking widow, Turner by name, the most depressingly respectable figure, as of Mrs. Grundy's older and less frivolous sister. She lives in a tiny house with one small servant to scale. Well, every two months or so she quite suddenly goes on a mad drink which lasts for about a week. It ends as abruptly as it begins, but while it is on, the neighbors know it. She shrieks, yells, sings, chivies the servant, and skims plates out of the window at the passers-by. Of course it is really not funny, but pathetic and deplorable—all the same it is hard to keep from laughing at the absurd contrast between her actions and her appearance. I was called in by accident in the first instance, but I speedily acquired some control over her, so that now the neighbors send for me instantly the moment the crockery begins to come through the window. She has a fair competence,

* Commenced in the issue of December 18th.

so that her little vagaries are a help to me with my rent. She has, too, a number of curious jugs, statues, and pictures, a selection of which she presents to me in the course of each of her attacks, insisting upon my carrying them away then and there, so that I stagger out of the house like one of Napoleon's generals coming out of Italy. There is a good deal of method in the old lady, however, and on her recovery she invariably sends round a porter with a polite note to say that she would be very glad to have her pictures back again.

And now I have worked my way to the point where I can show you what I mean when I talk about fate. The medical practitioner who lives next me—Porter is his name—is a kindly sort of man, and knowing that I have had a long up-hill fight, he has several times put things in my way. One day about three weeks ago he came into my consulting-room after breakfast.

"Could you come with me to a consultation?" he asked.

"With pleasure."

"I have my carriage outside."

He told me something of the case as we went. It was a young fellow, an only son, who had been suffering from nervous symptoms for some time, and lately from considerable pain in his head. "His people are living with a patient of mine,

General Wainwright," said Porter, "and he didn't like the symptoms and thought he would have a second opinion."

We came to the house, a great big one in its own grounds, and had a preliminary talk with the dark-faced, white-haired Indian soldier who owns it. He was explaining the responsibility that he felt, the patient being his nephew, when a lady entered the room. "This is my sister, Mrs. La Force," said he, "the mother of the gentleman whom you are going to see."

I recognized her instantly. I had met her before, and under curious circumstances. (Dr. Stark Munro here proceeds to narrate again how he had met the La Forces, having evidently forgotten that he had already done so in Letter VI.) When she was introduced I could see that she had not associated me with the young doctor in the train. I don't wonder, for I have started a beard, in the hope of making myself look a little older. She was naturally all anxiety about her son, and we went up with her (Porter and I) to have a look at him. Poor fellow! he seemed peakier and more sallow than when I had seen him last. We held our consultation, came to an agreement about the chronic nature of his complaint, and finally departed without my reminding Mrs. La Force of our previous meeting.

Well, there the matter might have ended, but about three days afterward who should be shown into my consulting-room

but Mrs. La Force and her daughter. I thought the latter looked twice at me when her mother introduced her, as if she had had some recollection of my face, but she evidently could not recall where she had seen it, and I said nothing to help her. They both seemed to be much distressed in mind—indeed, the tears were brimming over from the girl's eyes, and her lip was quivering.

"We have come to you, Dr. Munro, in the greatest distress," said Mrs. La Force. "We should be very glad of your advice."

"You place me in rather a difficult position, Mrs. La Force," said I. "The fact is that I look upon you as Dr. Porter's patients, and it is a breach of etiquette upon my part to hold any communication with you except through him."

"It was he who sent us here," said she.

"Oh, that alters the matter entirely."

"He said he could do nothing to help us, and that perhaps you could."

"Pray let me know what you would wish done."

She set out valorously to explain, but the effort of putting her troubles into words seemed to bring them more home to her, and she suddenly blurred over and became inarticulate. Her daughter bent toward her and kissed her with the prettiest little spasm of love and pity.

"I will tell you about it, doctor," said she.

"Poor mother is almost worn out. Fred—my brother, that is to say—is worse. He has become noisy, and will not be quiet."

"And my brother, the general," continued Mrs. La Force, "naturally did not expect this when he kindly offered us a home, and, being a nervous man, it is very trying to him. In fact, it cannot go on. He says so himself."

"But what is mother to do?" cried the girl, taking up the tale again. "No hotel or lodging-house would take us in while poor Fred is like that. And we have not the heart to send him to an asylum. Uncle will not have us any longer, and we have nowhere to go to." Her gray eyes tried to look brave, but her mouth would go down at the corners.

I rose and walked up and down the room, trying to think it all out.

"What I wanted to ask you," said Mrs. La Force, "was whether, perhaps, you knew some doctor or some private establishment which took in such cases—so that we could see Fred every day or so. The only thing is that he must be taken at once, for really my brother has reached the end of his patience."

I rang the bell for my housekeeper.

"Miss Williams," said I, "do you think we can furnish a bedroom by to-night, so as to take in a gentleman who is ill?"

Never have I so admired that wonderful woman's self-command.

"Why, easily, sir, if the patients will only let me alone. But with that bell going thirty times an hour, it's hard to say what you are going to do."

This, with her funny manner, set the ladies laughing, and the whole business seemed lighter and easier. I promised to have the room ready by eight o'clock. Mrs. La Force arranged to bring her son round at that hour, and both ladies thanked me a very great deal more than I deserved, for after all it was a business matter, and a resident patient was the very thing that I needed. I was able to assure Mrs. La Force that I had had a similar case under my charge before—meaning, of course, poor "Jimmy," the son of Lord Saltire. Miss Williams escorted them to the door, and took occasion to whisper to them that it was wonderful how I got through with it, and that I was "within sight of my carriage."

Well, it was short notice, but we got everything ready by the hour. Carpet, bed, suit, curtains, all came together and were fixed in their places by the united efforts of Miss Williams, Paul, and myself. Sharp at eight a cab arrived, and Fred was conducted by me into his bedroom. The moment I looked at him I could see that he was much worse than when I saw him with Dr. Porter. The chronic brain trouble had taken a sudden acute turn. His eyes were wild, his cheeks flushed, his lips drawn slightly away from his teeth. His temperature was 103°, and he muttered to himself continually, paying no attention to my questions. It was evident to me at a glance that the responsibility which I had taken upon myself was going to be no light one.

However, we could but do our best. I undressed him and got him safely to bed, while Miss Williams prepared some arrowroot for his supper. He would eat nothing, however, but seemed more disposed to doze, so, having seen him settle down, we left him. His room was the one next to mine, and, as the wall was thin, I could hear the least movement. Two or three times he muttered and groaned, but finally he became quiet and I was able to drop to sleep.

At three in the morning I was awakened by a dreadful crash. Bounding out of bed I rushed into the other room. Poor Fred was standing in his long gown, a pathetic little figure in the gray light of the dawning day. He had pulled

over his washing-stand (with what object only his bemuddled mind could say), and the whole place was a morass of water with islands of broken crockery. I picked him up and put him back into his bed again—his body glowing through his night-dress, and his eyes staring wildly about him. It was evidently impossible to leave him, and so I spent the rest of the night nodding and shivering in the arm-chair. No, it was certainly not a sinecure that I had undertaken.

Well, in the morning I went round to Mrs. La Force and gave her a bulletin. Her brother had recovered his serenity now that the patient had left. He had the Victoria Cross, it seems, and was one of the desperate little garrison who held Lucknow in that hell-whirl of a mutiny. And now the sudden opening of a door sets him shaking, and a dropped tongs gives him palpitations. Are we not the strangest kind of beings?

Fred was a little better during the day, and even seemed, in a dull sort of way, to recognize his sister, who brought him flowers in the afternoon. Toward evening his temperature sank to 101.5° and he fell into a kind of stupor. As it happened, Dr. Porter came in about supper-time and I asked him if he would step up and have a look at my patient. He did so, and we found him dozing peacefully. You would hardly think that that small incident may have been one of the most momentous of my life. It was the merest chance in the world that Porter went up at all.

Fred was taking medicine with a little chloral in it at this time. I gave him his usual dose last thing at night, and then, as he seemed to be sleeping peacefully, I went to my own room for the rest which I badly needed. I did not wake until eight in the morning, when I was roused by the jingling of a spoon in a saucer, and the step of Miss Williams passing my door. She was taking him the arrowroot which I had ordered overnight. I heard her open the door, and the next moment my heart sprang into my mouth as she gave a hoarse scream and her cup and saucer crashed upon the floor. An instant later she had burst into my room with her face convulsed with terror.

"My God!" she cried. "He's gone."

I caught up my dressing-gown and rushed into the next room.

Poor little Fred was stretched sideways across his bed, quite dead. He looked as if he had been rising and had fallen backward. His face was so peaceful and smiling that I could hardly have recognized the worried, fever-worn features of yesterday. There is great promise, I think, on the faces of the dead. They say it is but the post-mortem relaxation of the muscles, but it is one of the points on which I should like to see science wrong.

Miss Williams and I stood for five minutes without a word, hushed by the presence of that supreme fact. Then we laid him straight and drew the sheet over him. She knelt down and prayed and sobbed while I sat on the bed with the little cold hand in mine. Then my heart turned to lead as I remembered that it lay for me to break the news to the mother.

However, she took it most admirably. They were all three at breakfast when I came round—the general, Mrs. La Force, and the daughter. Somehow they seemed to know all that I had to say at the very sight of me, and in their womanly selfishness their sympathy was all for me, for the shock I had suffered and the disturbance of my household. I found myself turned from the consoler into the consoled. For an hour or more we talked it over. I explained what I hoped needed no explanation, that as the poor boy could not tell me his symptoms it was hard for me to know how immediate was his danger. There can be no doubt that the fall of temperature and the quietness which both Porter and I had looked upon as a hopeful sign were really the beginning to the end.

Mrs. La Force asked me to see to everything, the formalities, register, and funeral. It was on a Wednesday, and we thought it best that the burial should be on the Friday. Back I hurried, therefore, not knowing what to do first, and found old Whitehall waiting for me in my consulting-room, looking very jaunty with a camellia in his button-hole! Not an organ in its right place and a camellia in his button-hole!

Between ourselves I was sorry to see him, for I was in no humor for his company, but he had heard all about it from Miss Williams, and had come to stop. Only then did I fully realize how much of the kindly, delicate-minded gentleman remained behind that veil of profanity and obscenity which he so often held before him.

"I'll trot along with you, Dr. Munro, sir. A man's none the worse for a companion at such times. I'll not open my mouth unless you wish it, sir, but I am an idle man and would take it as a kindness if you would let me come round with you."

Round he came, and very hopeful he was. He seemed to know all about the procedure—

"Buried two wives, Dr. Munro, sir?" I signed

the certificate myself, conveyed it to the registrar, got the order for burial, took it round to the parish clerk, arranged an hour, then off to the undertaker's and back to my practice. It was a kind of nightmare morning to look back upon, relieved only by the figure of my old bohemian with his pea-jacket, his blackthorn, his puffy, crinkly face, and his camellia.

To make a long story short, then, the funeral came off as arranged, General Wainwright, Whitehall, and I being the sole mourners. The captain had never seen poor Fred in the flesh, but he "liked to be in at the finish, sir," and so he gave me his company. It was at eight in the morning, and it was ten before we found ourselves at Oakley Villa. A burly man with bushy whiskers was waiting for us at the door.

"Are you Dr. Munro, sir?" he asked.

"I am."

"I am a detective from the local office. I was ordered to inquire into the death of the young man in your house lately."

Here was a thunderbolt. If looking upset is a sign of guilt I must have stood confessed as a villain. It was so absolutely unexpected. I hope, however, that I had command of myself instantly.

"Pray step in," said I. "Any information I can give you is entirely at your service. Have you any objection to my friend Captain Whitehall being present?"

"Not in the least." So in we both went, talking with us this bird of ill-omen.

He was, however, a man of tact, and had a pleasant manner.

"Of course, Dr. Munro," said he, "you are much too well known in the town for any one to take this matter seriously. But the fact is, that we had an anonymous letter this morning saying that the young man had died yesterday, and was to be buried at an unusual hour to-day, and that the circumstances were suspicious."

TENEMENT-HOUSE REFORM.

THE RECOMMENDATIONS OF THE TENEMENT-HOUSE COMMITTEE, AS STATED BY ITS PRESIDENT, CRITICISED BY HENRY GEORGE.

THE recommendations of the tenement-house committee may be said to consist of two parts: those which have been presented to the Legislature in the form of bills, and those which consist of general recommendations which may be carried out by the city government with or without additional legislation.

One of the enactments presented to the Legislature looks to the destruction of unsanitary buildings, with a provision for reasonable compensation to the owners in case of such destruction. A large part of the report is devoted to a demonstration of the fact that old and unsanitary buildings seem to be the most sure in their effect upon the death rate, and especially upon the death rate of children, and it is held that "the legislation which will most favorably affect the death rate of New York is such as will do away with the rear tenements and root out every old ramshackle, disease-breeding tenement-house in the city." The law prepared does not strike at the rear tenement as such, but at all unsanitary buildings. In fact, the rear tenement is gradually disappearing because for years the law has prevented their construction. The act presented by the committee to the Legislature is based upon a clause in the British Housing of the Working Classes act of 1890, which "provides for the condemnation of unsanitary buildings, upon compensation to the owners, and contains careful provisions to prevent any undue increase in such compensation because of the excessive profits due to overcrowding, sanitary defects or lack of repair." It is not believed that it will be necessary to condemn thus permanently many tenement-houses. The act would largely operate as a menace, and would have good effects throughout the future.

Another important recommendation is as to the construction of tenement-houses hereafter to be built, requiring more light and air for their inhabitants, and greater safety from fire. Precautions are also suggested for the prevention of fire in tenements now existing. The committee paid great attention to this question of fire, and made the surprising discovery that whereas the tenement-houses in New York number about thirty-one per cent. of all the buildings in the city, the tenement-house fires number about fifty-three per cent. A fire in a tenement-house, even where life is not lost or personal injury is not reported, always creates a panic, and almost always destroys property very often totally uninsured, and brings untold distress.

The bills include, furthermore, an increase in the height of basement ceilings; suggest a restriction as to the use of wall paper in tenements; require the better lighting of halls, and offer further precautions against that sort of overcrowding which increases the danger to

He died the day before yesterday. He was buried at eight to-day," I explained; and then I told him the whole story from the beginning. He listened attentively, and took a note or two.

"Who signed the certificate?" he asked.

"I did," said I.

He raised his eyebrows slightly. "There is really no one to check your statement, then?" said he.

"Oh, yes; Dr. Porter saw him the night before he died. He knew all about the case."

The detective shut his note-book with a snap. "That is final, Dr. Munro," said he. "Of course, I must see Dr. Porter as a matter of form, but if his opinion agrees with yours I can only apologize to you for this intrusion."

"And there is one more thing, Mr. Detective, sir," said Whitehall, explosively. "I'm not a rich man, sir, only the half-pay skipper of an armed transport, but by ———, sir, I'd give you this hat full of dollars to know the name of the ——— rascal who wrote that anonymous letter, sir. By ———, sir, you'd have a real case to look after then," and he waved his blackthorn ferociously.

So the wretched business ended, Bertie. But on what trifling chances do our fortunes depend! If Porter had not seen him that night it is more than likely that there would have been an exhumation. And then—well, there would be choral in the body, some money interests *did* depend upon the death of the lad—a sharp lawyer might have made much of the case. Anyway, the first breath of suspicion would have blown my little rising practice to the wind. What awful things lurk at the corners of life's highway, ready to pounce upon us as we pass.

And so you really are going a-voyaging. Well, I won't write again until I hear that you are back from the islands, and then I hope to have something a little more cheery to talk about.

(To be continued.)

the city of contagious diseases. Also additional sanitary inspectors and policemen are provided for, it being found that the Health Department is utterly unable to do the required work, in relation to tenements, with its present force.

The law requiring the owners of tenements and lodging-houses to file notice of name and address, etc., is strengthened. Other minor points with relation to the Board of Health are included in the submitted laws.

Separate laws are also submitted breaking the deadlock as to Mulberry Bend and the two other small parks acquired under the Small-Parks act; also requiring some small parks, partly to be used as play-grounds, in the crowded lower east side of the city; and requiring that no school shall be constructed hereafter unprovided with a play-ground, although this play-ground need not be immediately annexed to the school.

The general recommendations, without laws attached, refer to rapid transit, municipal bathing establishments, drinking fountains, lavatories, electric lights, extension of smooth pavements, sufficient school accommodations in general, and especially additional kindergartens. It is suggested that a law be enacted which might tend to the prevention of houses of prostitution in tenement-houses.

The careful examination made by the committee, and the enormous amount of evidence gathered together by them and their agents, make it evident that the above provisions are necessary, and it does not seem to be a particularly fortunate suggestion that such reasonable and actually obtainable improvements on present conditions should be indefinitely delayed, while various reformers are trying to bring about new methods of taxation, upon which there can be no general agreement, certainly within a lifetime. I am told that the extreme socialists oppose all ameliorating legislation, preferring a cataclysm, after which they hope for better things. Others think that a millennium will arrive with the concentration of taxes upon land alone. As neither class of critics is likely to live to see its separate and conflicting remedies adopted, it is easy for each to criticise every practicable means of relief that is offered, although it seems to be hardly the part of good citizenship to do this to the point of obstruction. There are evidences that, as a whole, the people of New York are strongly in favor of legislation which improves the condition of tenement-house life, and which has a tendency to reduce the death rate of our city.

The recommendations of the committee of 1894 are in line with those of the similar State commission of 1884, and if adopted by the Legislature, and carried out by the city authorities, cannot fail to work a vast and immediate

improvement in New York. And whatever worthy thing is done in New York is quickly imitated throughout the Union.

Ph. J. J. J.

MR. GEORGE'S CRITICISM.

The tenement-house committee have done a good work in again calling attention to the miserable housing of the masses of New York City. But the contrast between the shocking facts they state and the feeble recommendations they make suggests the cry of the Syrian fruit-vender, "In the name of the Prophet!—figs!"

Their investigations must have shown them, what any slum-dweller could have told them, that people do not herd together in uncomfortable, unsanitary dwellings because they like to, and that the cause of overcrowding in New York is the high rent of dwellings. But this the committee ignore. Their recommendations treat overcrowding as if due to the wickedness of tenement-owners and the perversity of those who insist on living where they have not enough light and air, and are exposed to contagion and in risk of fire. They propose more regulation and inspection—to tear down unsanitary tenements and impose more stringent restrictions upon the building of new ones; to prevent tenement-dwellers from eking out their rent by taking lodgers, and to force people into the streets or station-house who are caught trying to sleep where they have less than six hundred cubic feet of air apiece. They propose that play-grounds shall be attached to the public schools, that the city shall make parks, and improve the streets, and secure rapid transit, and do other admirable things; they even propose that tenement-house prostitutes shall be punished more severely than better-lodged prostitutes. But they propose nothing that will reduce house-rent.

On the contrary, their recommendations all call for increased expenditures, either for the building or maintenance of houses, which would directly increase house-rents, or for city improvements and administration, which, since the city's revenues come from taxation that in heaviest part falls on improved real estate, must indirectly increase house-rent. In short, with innocence like that of the French princess who asked why hungry people clamoring for bread did not eat cake, Mr. Gilder's committee propose to mitigate evils produced by high house-rents with regulations and expenditures that must increase house-rents.

This is movement in the wrong direction. Yet the right direction is clear. That there are not houses enough in New York City to decently accommodate its population, and that house-rent is so high, is not due to lack of power or disposition to build more and better houses, nor to lack of land to build them on. Probably half of the lots within the city proper are yet vacant, to say nothing of the lots only half-used. But building is artificially checked and house-rent is artificially increased, on the one side by the tax on buildings, and on the other by the speculative price demanded for land. Let the city get authority from the Legislature to levy both her own taxes and her own quota of State taxes, in her own way. Let her abolish all taxes on buildings and make up the deficiency by increasing the tax on the value of land. Without further action, speculative land values would fall, new buildings would go up, old buildings would be improved, and house-rents would be lessened.

Then we could open parks, erect baths, improve streets, secure rapid transit, and do at public expense all the really good things the committee have in mind, without increasing house-rent and promoting overcrowding. And the example set by New York would elsewhere be soon followed, thus relieving that pressure of poverty which is felt in the metropolis as the concentrated expression of similar poverty over the whole country.

But so long as we put the bulk of our taxes on the improver of land, and tax but lightly the monopolizer, we may open access to wider areas in vain, so far as the relief of overcrowding is concerned. The result will be what it has heretofore been—to enormously increase land speculation. We may provide for the destruction of unsanitary buildings, "with reasonable compensation to the owner," only to open up a new source of public corruption. We may make parks in congested districts, and clear slums, but only to increase the value of land there and to drive their former tenants into new slums.

The committee make a mistake in thinking that the greater number of fires and the higher death rate they find in the poorer tenement districts are due to the character of the buildings alone. The "fire-bug," whom our legalized system of betting on fires has called into existence, operates easiest in the poorest and most crowded quarters, and starvation in its many forms

swells the death rate among those who must take the most squalid dwellings because they are all they can pay for. These would not be got rid of by anything the committee propose.

Yet the simply practical, business-like way, which is the only way of relieving overcrowding, would lessen the gains of a small, but most influential class, those who have made fortunes or expect to make fortunes by land speculation. "Here is where the shoe pinches." What the committee really mean in prefacing their "how not to do it" recommendations with the apology that they do not know how to abolish poverty, is that they see no way of much helping the poor without to some extent hurting the rich. They are perfectly right in this. There is no way. For the distinction between poor and rich that is growing up in this country, and is represented by the monstrous poverty of squalid tenement-houses on one side and the monstrous wealth of hundred-fold millionaires on the other, is the distinction between robbed and robber. And while God lives justice cannot be done without lessening the profits of injustice.

The recommendations of the committee are an expression of that milk-and-water socialism, so fashionable in "society," so dominant in press and pulpit, that regards the poor as beings of a different species from the rich, who are to be inspected and regulated and instructed and kindly helped by their betters. On this philosophy it never dawns that the poor are men as fully as the rich, and entitled only but fully to the natural and equal rights of men. Hence that pseudo-philanthropy which, as Tolstoi says, is ready to do anything for the poor—except to get off their backs. But everything save getting off their backs is hopeless.

Henry George

The Author of "America."

THE fame of the author of the national hymn "America," Dr. Samuel Francis Smith, has gone over the world and come back to him in tributes from nearly every nation and clime. At the age of eighty-six he lives on in the old brown frame-house at Newton Centre, Massachusetts, which has been his home for over fifty years. It stands back from the street on the brow of a hill, sloping gently to a valley on the north. Pine-trees stand in the front and rear, and the sun, from his rising to his setting, smiles upon that abode of simple greatness. The house is faded and worn by wind and weather, and is in perfect harmony with its surroundings—the brown grass sod that peeps from under the snow, the dull-colored, leafless elms, and the gray, worn stone steps leading up from the street.

An air of gentle refinement pervades the interior, and every room speaks of its inmate.

But perhaps the library is best loved of all by Dr. Smith, for here it is that his work goes on. Here, beside a sunny bay-window, stands his work-table and his high-backed, old-fashioned chair, with black, rounded arms. All about the room are ranged his book-cases, and an old tall clock marks the flight of time that has been so kind to the old man. His figure is short, his shoulders slightly bowed, and around his full, ruddy face, that beams with kindness, is a fringe of white hair and beard.

"I wrote 'America,'" he said, in a voice somewhat highly pitched, and with a slight drawl, "when I was a theological student at Andover, during my last year there." It seemed a pleasant recollection, for a smile crept over his countenance, and he settled deeper into his chair.

"In February, 1832, I was poring over a German book of patriotic songs which Lowell Mason, of Boston, had sent me to translate, when I came upon one with a tune of great majesty. I hummed it over and was struck with the ease with which the accompanying German words fell into its music. I saw it was a patriotic song, and while I was thinking of translating it I felt an impulse to write an American patriotic hymn. I reached my hand for a bit of waste paper, and taking my quill pen, wrote the four verses in half an hour."

"I sent it with some translations of the German songs to Lowell Mason, and the next I knew of it I was told it had been sung by the Sunday-school children at Park Street Church, Boston, at the following Fourth of July celebration. The house where I was living at the time was on the Andover turnpike, a little north of the seminary building. I have been in the house since I left it in September, 1832, but never went into my old room." This room in the Andover house is now visited by pilgrims from all over the world.

Dr. Smith has written about one hundred and fifty hymns and poems, many of them for special occasions, as dedications and corner-stone layings, and nearly all were written on the backs of letters, envelopes, and waste paper, like "America"; a habit which he always had.

"The Pilgrims"; "The Student Soldiers," and "The Sleep of the Brave," are some of the most noted. The last poem which he has written was in memory of Oliver Wendell Holmes, his boyhood friend.

He does no regular literary work now, but his studies and letter-writing occupy his time. He has always been a great linguist, and is able to read fifteen languages. He speaks most of the modern European tongues fluently. When traveling abroad he has taken especial pleasure in talking with the people in their own language and reading their literature. He is now mastering Russian.

When twelve years old he could "talk Latin," and had scanned Virgil through, making explanatory notes, which the head master of the Boston Latin School used in the version of Virgil which he edited.

Dr. Smith entered Harvard when seventeen, and sustained himself there by the money he earned from coaching other students and making translations. While in college he translated for the publishers of the first edition of the "American Cyclopaedia" articles enough from the German "Conversations-Lexicon" to make a volume of a thousand pages.

He was a widow's self-supporting son, and not only paid his way through college but had a balance ahead when he was graduated. He was a member of the famous class of 1829, which included Dr. Holmes, James Freeman Clarke, William E. Channing, and others whom the world came to know and honor.

Now, in his ripe old age of eighty-six, Dr. Smith is the great-grandfather of three little children, the grandfather of eighteen young men and women, the father of five sons and daughters between fifty and sixty, the husband of a loving wife of eighty-two, and the brother of a sister of eighty-eight.

HERBERT HEYWOOD.

The movement for the celebration of Dr. Smith's eighty-sixth birthday, on April 3d, promises to result in a national demonstration. A committee of eighty-six has been formed from among Boston's leading citizens, with Governor Greenhalge as its chairman, and efforts are making to awaken interest in the observance everywhere throughout the country. On the morning of the day all the schools of the United States are expected to join in singing "America" at the close of the morning session, so that at the same moment the anthem will ring from one end of the country to the other in a chorus of children's voices. In the afternoon, in Boston's music hall, there will be a great children's meeting, at which Dr. Smith and his wife are expected to be present, while in the evening at the same place a citizens' reunion will be held, when music and addresses from Governors, ex-Governors, and other prominent public men will constitute the order of exercises. This will be followed by a reception to Dr. Smith. All the patriotic orders are much interested in the celebration, and the national society of the Daughters of the American Revolution has drawn up and forwarded appropriate resolutions to be read at the evening meeting.

The American Guard.

A BILL introduced in the United States Senate by Mr. Hawley, of Connecticut, provides for the detailing of officers from the regular army as instructors to the public schools throughout the country and the issuance of guns to these school corps by the Secretary of War. Representative William T. Coombs, of Brooklyn, introduced a similar bill in the House last December. These bills are the outgrowth of the rapidly-growing movement in favor of military instruction in the public schools, and when passed will materially help the plan. It is expected that the New York Board of Education will officially recognize military training as a part of the curriculum when Congress lends the stamp of its approval to the project.

In Boston, Washington, and a dozen or more smaller cities, military instruction is obligatory in the public high-schools; in those of nearly a score of others it is voluntary, while in several cities it has also been instituted in the grammar-schools as well. The by-laws of the New York Board of Education prescribe that the pupils in each school shall be exercised daily in order to promote physical development. A number of the principals have adopted a military drill for this purpose, as the method of exercise is left to their discretion. Several battalions of the "First Regiment, American Guard," have thus been organized in the schools here, while in Brooklyn a similar move has been made, and a number of schools have military corps drilling regularly as part of the proposed American Guard, as the school-boys will be known.

These boys are instructed either by volunteers from military organizations or by the principals. Their military course consists of the "setting-up" exercises adopted at West

Point; facing, saluting, and marching; the manual of arms, and regular evolutions by company and battalion. They are most of them uniformed at their own expense. In Grammar School No. 87, which has the pioneer corps of New York, the uniform, including coat, trousers, cap, gloves, and accoutrements, costs each cadet nine dollars and ninety-six cents. In Brooklyn's Grammar School No. 15 the expense is only six dollars and fifty cents each. Some of these companies do not carry arms, others are supplied with wooden guns, while a few have real rifles cast off by our regular army, and sold from the arsenals at Governor's Island.

There are said to be over eight million men in the militia of the United States—for the law prescribes that every able-bodied man between eighteen and forty-five is a member of the militia, whether in the national guard and bearing arms or not—and it is accordingly claimed that we have a larger available force to call upon in case of extreme necessity than any other country in the world. Admitting this, we have but to look at the present war in the East to realize the value of such a number of untrained men. From the very beginning of the fighting in the Orient we have seen the Chinese hordes routed invariably by the disciplined Japanese troops of far inferior numbers. This is a strong point made by the advocates of military training for the American youth. Teach the youth of the country the first principles of the military; teach them to handle a gun and to obey orders; instill the true idea of discipline into their minds while they are still forming, and twenty-five years from now, the military authorities claim, the United States will have the strongest available fighting force in the world.

J. PARMLEY PARET.

FOUR PLAYERS

THE spring season at the Herald Square Theatre promises to be of particular interest to theatre-goers and a continuance of profit to the management of this now-popular play-house. "Rob Roy," De Koven and Smith's tuneful opera, which has held the boards throughout the winter months to the delight of lovers of light opera, has closed its successful engagement, and Mrs. Potter and Mr. Bellevue will be seen for a limited engagement only, in "Charlotte Corday." These notable actors, by the way, have seemingly conquered the antagonism that has been the cause of their non-appearance in the metropolis for several years. Their timid entry at the Harlem Opera-House a few weeks ago caused a reception, which, I fancy, was unexpected by them. It was, however, a just recognition of a clever and artistic performance, and an evidence that art can triumph over prejudice. Following the Potter-Bellevue engagement, a dramatization of "Puddin' Head Wilson," Mark Twain's clever story, will be produced by a specially-selected cast. This play, it is expected, will successfully fill out the theatrical season.

Mr. Charles Frohman has been especially fortunate with his theatrical interests this year. The "Masqueraders" proved a "go," and the "Fatal Card" could have played out the season at Palmer's Theatre. "Too Much Johnson," at the Standard, continues to crowd that theatre nightly, and "Shenandoah," now on the road, has not exhausted itself as a money-winner. At his home stand, the Empire Theatre, "John-A-Dreams" has been well received, and will in all probability weld another link to the golden chain. Miss Allen, Mr. Frohman's leading lady, has become quite a favorite by her work this season, and has earned for herself a permanent place as an actress of unquestioned ability.

One of the decidedly refreshing novelties of the season is the Daly production of "The Two Gentlemen of Verona." This production, I am informed, was a venture, but it has proved the most popular attraction performed by Mr. Daly's company this season. A comedy from the German is announced as the next production at this house.

Madame Réjane's performance in "Sans-Gêne" has fully met all heralded reports. She is an artist of the true school, and her work is an excellent study for every student of the stage. During the past week theatre-goers have had an opportunity of witnessing her versatile powers in the portrayal of phases of character distinctly dissimilar.

The Wagnerian opera season at the Metropolitan Opera-House has, in the main, been satisfactory to Mr. Damrosch, and it is understood that arrangements will be made for a longer season next year. "Lohengrin" and "Tristan and Isolde" were the operas most patronized. The Abbey and Grau company will give a supplementary season, beginning April 15th, when "Falstaff," "Manon," and "Otello" will be the operas produced.

LYSTER SANDFORD.



WILLISTON HALL.



MAIN BUILDING.



THE SENIOR CLASS.



A DISTRACTED SENIOR.



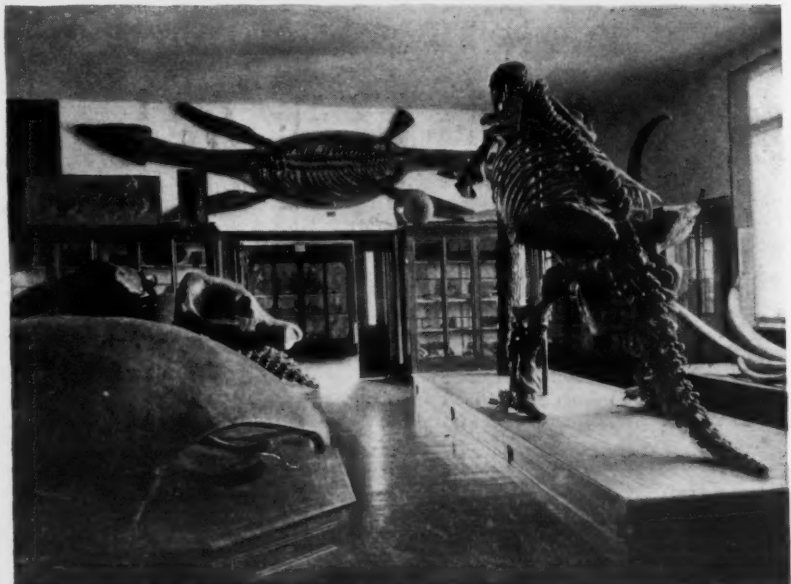
ON THE CONNECTICUT.



A CLASS IN GYMNASTICS.



ASTRONOMY CLASS-ROOM.



THE CAST-ROOM.

EIGHTY-SIXTH BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION OF THE AUTHOR OF THE PATRIOTIC HYMN, "AMERICA."—[SEE PAGE 201]

AMERICA

MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE!

America!

*My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet Land of liberty,
Of thee I sing,
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring!*

*My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love,
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.*

*Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.*

*Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing,
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light,
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our Friend!*

S. F. Smith.

*Written in Feb, 1832.
Dec. 10, 1894.*

DR. SAMUEL F. SMITH, AUTHOR OF "AMERICA."



MRS. SAMUEL F. SMITH.



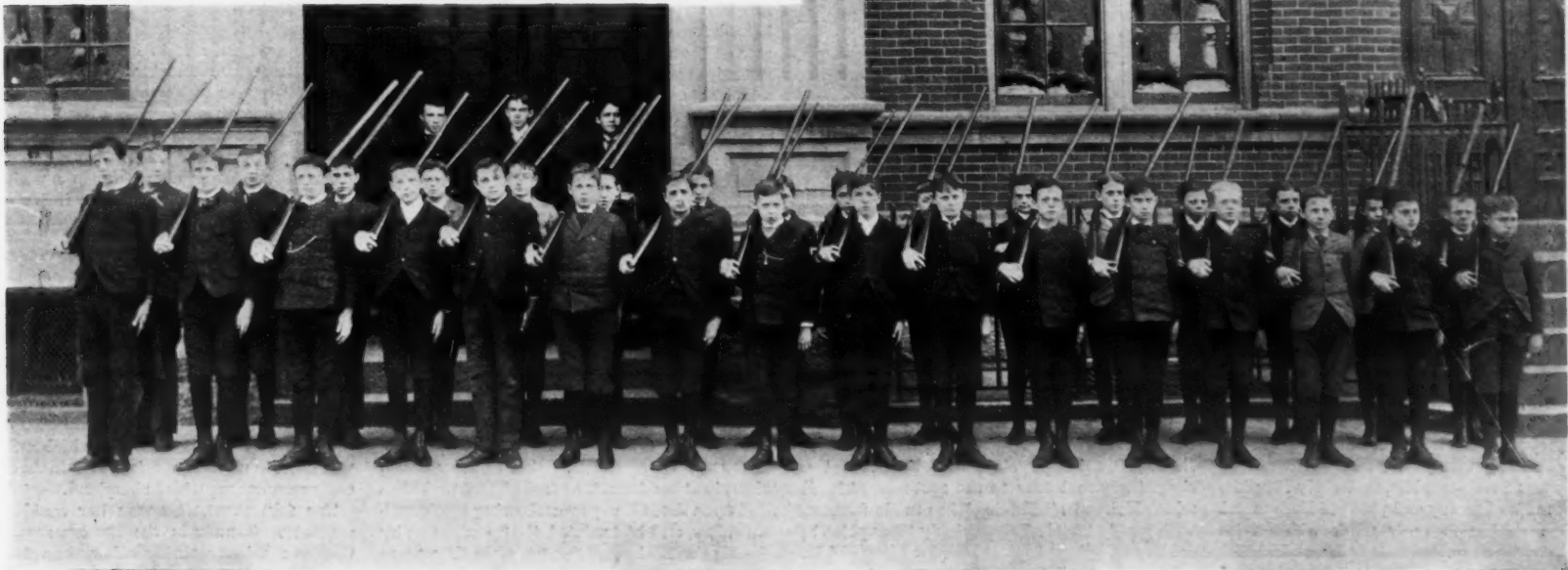
ROOM IN WHICH "AMERICA" WAS WRITTEN IN 1832.



HOUSE OF DR. SMITH AT NEWTON CENTRE, MASSACHUSETTS.



HOUSE AT ANDOVER, MASSACHUSETTS, WHERE "AMERICA" WAS WRITTEN.



MILITARY TRAINING IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS—CADET CORPS, AMERICAN GUARD, GRAMMAR SCHOOL NO. 54, NEW YORK CITY.
FROM PHOTOGRAPH.—[SEE A PICTURE ON PAGE 201.]

OUR COLLEGES FOR WOMEN.

III. AT MOUNT HOLYOKE COLLEGE.



PRIVATE TURN OUT.

Mr. Tom and Mt. Holyoke, in the Connecticut valley of western Massachusetts, look down on a goodly company of educational institutions. Amherst, Williams, Smith, Trinity, Hartford Theological Seminary, Easthampton, and many lesser schools and colleges are all in their range. But the Mt. Holyoke College of to-day, founded nearly sixty years ago as Mt. Holyoke Female Seminary by that ardent lover of her kind, Miss Mary Lyon, has, to many eyes, and perhaps to the mountains themselves, a deeper significance than any other of these excellent institutions. The seminary was founded in the days when a girl's education was supposed to be complete when that of her brothers was barely commencing, and was considered a very doubtful experiment. Mt. Holyoke College, a trifle slow in its evolution, has begun its career with the excellent precedents for thorough, healthy, practical, Christian education by which the seminary was always known. The graduates sent out by the seminary were famous for their unselfish devotion to the highest interests of humanity; the college aim is not less lofty, though its methods are far different, and its steps of progress are well in line with the advance of other colleges for women.

Very dear to the hearts of students are the picturesque lines of the Holyoke range of mountains which slope down to the Connecticut River and completely girdle the horizon. From the rooms of students, whether looking north, south, east or west, from the observatory and the new scientific hall, and from stately, handsome Williston, rarely beautiful views of Mts. Tom and Holyoke, Nonotuck, "the Notch"—that famous pathway to Amherst—and the diversified slopes of unnamed peaks, combine with the silver windings of the Connecticut to form pictures of unusual grandeur.

Within the walls of the main building, whose construction Miss Mary Lyon watched with happy anxiety in the early days of 1836, the work of her thorough builders has been extensively supplemented by the modern decorator. The old parlors, in their handsome new furnishings of oak, with modern pictures and bric-à-brac, form an inviting entrance to the main corridor. Just opposite, a new reading-room, with broad, cushioned widow seats and an ample supply of the published wit and wisdom of two continents, at once introduces one to the student's life of the college. Here the dignified senior, in cap and gown, is poring over the foreign quarterlies with an eye to her impending essay. The ambitious junior has a debate on hand, and is storing her mind with facts from all sources; the irrepressible sophomore and the giddy freshman still lean with affection toward the magazine serials from which the upper classmen are forced to turn away.

The busy bee has always been the figurative, if not the literal, emblem of Mt. Holyoke, and one may expect to find no drones in this hive of learning.

For many years before the existence of women's colleges, Mt. Holyoke held up the highest standard for admissions and graduation. And now as a college she retains the same high standards, and, accepting few certificates from preparatory schools, she grants her degrees with deliberation.

The college curriculum, now four years old, has gently ascended from the advanced collegiate course of seminary days, and is a marvel of opportunity. Of the noble three hundred students from all parts of the country, three from Japan, forty-nine from Connecticut, sixty-seven from Massachusetts, forty-one from New York, one each from Texas, Utah, and Washington, over one-third are found in the literary course, which is unusually rich at Holyoke. You may take your choice of fifteen special courses in old, middle, and early English, and the modern poetry and prose of Europe and America. There is essay work which tries girls' souls. The secrets of the transcendentalist are sought for; the philosophy of Coleridge, Arnold, and the pre-Raphaelites, and a study

of the stern influences of Calvin's creed, call for thoughtful, close application. Over in pleasant Williston, whose class-rooms for literature and modern history are bravely furnished with pictures and statuary which tell the story of the ages, there is a professor of history who could give points to Macaulay himself—at least so the students aver; and for her we are preparing themes on home rule, the reform bill, and the far-reaching influences of the Renaissance.

In the class-rooms devoted to the languages, Horace and Euripides, Molière and Schiller, and Italian and Spanish authors are holding sway, and it is whispered that a course in Hebrew and Sanskrit will be offered. In the dining-hall one finds a French and a German table with native teachers in the seat of dignity and usefulness.

The scientific hall, recently finished at a cost of fifty thousand dollars, the gift of alumni and trustees, adds new and fascinating opportunity for individual work, but we still find a large number of scientific students busy in Williston. The botany classes are dissecting and analyzing the remotest constructions of ferns and flowers. The botanic garden is a valuable recitation-room for students on pleasant spring days, for here one may see all the flowers that bloom in the wild-woods, blood-root and anemone, pitcher-plant and columbine, ferns great and small, and showy orchids, without the trouble of tramping across country to find them.

The animal life of all ages, on land and sea, is at the bidding of the zoölogy students in their pleasant laboratory, and so rich is the Connecticut valley in tracks left by gigantic creatures of geologic time that a whole floor scarcely suffices for the museum of remains of this early prehistoric life.

A busy group of students in mineralogy is found in the section cutting-room, and they are cutting into the heart of the rock by steam power, and studying, under the microscope, the formations in this realm of science.

Down in the handsome observatory, given by and named for that benevolent Northampton trustee's family, which knows no weariness in the service of the college, is a splendid equatorial telescope with an eight-inch object-glass; also a meridian circle, an astronomical clock, a chronograph, a sextant and spectroscope, and a hand of wisdom to use them all.

Besides the literary and scientific, Mt. Holyoke offers a complete classical course, which is elected by over one-third of the students.

But what is the recreation of the college girl at Mt. Holyoke? In truth, she lacks nothing in this particular. She studies with happy freedom from the annoyances which the rigid rules of the old seminary course entailed on her mother and aunts, and her stock of knowledge is not lessened because of this freedom. But as for her recreations—the mountains are always tempting her to a scramble. The Pass of Thermopylae, Titan's Pier, Bittersweet Lane, Moody's Corners, and the Gorge; a nearer climb up Prospect Hill, rows on Lake Nonotuck in boats safer than the Ark itself, an impromptu picnic in the pavilion irreverently named the "pepper-box," a lively game of tennis in preparation for the tournament, or a delectable rush in a game of basket ball—these are a few of the Mt. Holyoke college student's recreations.

In general she greatly inclines to an out-of-door life, and briskly snubs the old gymnasium when she can, in favor of tramps and drives. With seventy acres of grounds she can ramble far without danger.

She delights in "spreads," like all other college girls. The ever-open, ever-full cracker-barrel of the store-room forms a lunch supply, with marmalade and jelly, a tasty Welsh rarebit, confections and pickles, and a dainty cup of tea as accessories.

She is not averse to clubs, the Holyoke girl. There is a debating club, conducted on strict parliamentary principles, to which she may belong if an upper-classman and among the first fifteen in scholarship. There are three Greek-letter societies, and she is very proud if she chances to be one of the favored members of the Sigma Theta Chi, because through their exertions the old senior class-room has been transformed into a handsome new reading-room.

Or, if she be a Xi Phi Delta she has much to tell of the course of reading in preparation for travel, undertaken by the club, with visits to Berlin, Dresden, London, and Paris, and a charmingly real tour to the spot near at hand which Holland's "Katrina" has made famous, with purely social affairs thickly interspersed; or she may belong to the exclusive Kappa Phi's.

If she be a senior, looking toward a degree at commencement, she likes to sing in chorus:

"Oh, to be a senior,
And wear a cap and gown!
The glory of the college,
The wonder of the town."

And she wears her mortar-board and floating black robes with happy insouciance.

Lawn fêtes for the summer and senior theatricals in the winter are numbered among the Holyoke students' special joys. She delights in the comedy, and divides her interest between Shakespeare and Howells. The grand avenues of old trees form a fine setting for a lawn-party, and perhaps Robin Hood, Friar Tuck, and Maid Marian may invite you to an archery party down by the bridge, some day.

When a Presidential election is at hand the Holyoke student, with the class in political economy as a quieting power, enters into all the excitement of a campaign, and goes through the form of voting, with regularly printed ballots, and as much dignity as if her poor little feminine vote had a real value. And, stowed away in the north attic, you may find some of her campaign banners. If she be a member of the glee club she can tell of delightful trips to New Haven, New York, and Worcester, and sings with a will:

"H-o-l-y-o-k-e,
Holyoke, Holyoke, are we."

Perhaps she belongs to the photograph club, and under the tutorship of a chemistry teacher takes charming little pictures, which she develops and prints with great skill; or, at an early morning hour, she may be off through the dew-drops, with an opera-glass, to study the ways of birds who love to swing their nests near the college, in the interest of the Bird Club. If musically inclined, and ambitious, she joins the Mendelssohn Club, whose object is to accustom its members to appear in concert exercises.

Of course the editorial staff of the *Mt. Holyoke* is always seeking "copy," and very creditable copy is furnished.

"Summer has gone and what has she brought us?
Birds, bees, and flowers,
Gay, dashing showers.

And many's the lesson of beauty she's taught us.

"Summer has gone, and what has she taken?
Soft moonlights tender,
Bright starlight's splendor,

All have gone with her and left us forsaken.

"Summer has gone, and what has she left us?
A memory, a longing,
And many thoughts thronging

Toward the days that are past of which she's bereft us."

The institution lost its ancient aspect and Mediaeval air when the grim code of rules that held it as with chains of iron was forever abolished by the first president of the college, the present able and acceptable incumbent of the office, Mrs. Elizabeth Storrs Mead.

To the surprise of the devotees of the old régime it has been proved that the Mt. Holyoke girl does not take unfair advantages of her freedom, and that her sense of honor is as lofty as that of her sisters at Vassar or Bryn Mawr, who have long lived happily and successfully with no restrictions except those usual in families of refinement. No prohibition whatever fetters the Holyoke student of to-day. Each is on her honor to act for the comfort and convenience of the family, and despite the forebodings of old-time friends, life never moved more easily, quietly, pleasantly, and successfully within the walls than now, and never did a more delightful, wide-awake, progressive class of students gather there.

The seats at chapel are always full, though attendance is not compulsory; "recess meetings" of the olden days give place to the Young Women's Christian Association, or class meeting, in which perfect freedom is enjoyed.

Of necessity, Holyoke still holds her purse-strings with a careful hand, in order that no girl who wishes a college education need be debarred from it for financial reasons. The low rate of board and tuition are made to secure a refined, handsome home, with steam heat, electric lights, elevator, ample recitation-rooms, and other conveniences of the modern college buildings, at which the visitor greatly marvels; and he leaves the friendly walls of Mt. Holyoke college with admiration and reverence for the spirit of that young New England school-teacher whose devotion to her own ideals, sixty years ago, opened the way for this institution, and through it for the higher education of women.

HELEN MARSHALL NORTH.

The "Allianca" Outrage.

No event of recent occurrence has aroused deeper indignation among Americans than the outrage of a Spanish gun-boat in firing upon the United States mail steamship *Allianca*, on her homeward voyage from Colon to New York, when six miles from the coast of Cuba. When fired upon the *Allianca* was showing the American colors, and had saluted the Spanish flag by dipping them. The gun-boat, after firing two blank cartridges as a summons for the American vessel to heave to, and no attention being

paid to this, fired solid shot, continuing the pursuit for twenty-five miles.

The affair was brought to the attention of this government immediately upon the arrival of the *Allianca* at this port, Captain Crossman filing a full report of the case with the Secretary of State. Two days later, Secretary Gresham made a formal demand upon the Spanish government for a disavowal of the outrage. After setting forth the fact that the windward passage, where this occurred, is the natural and usual highway for vessels plying between ports of the United States and the Caribbean Sea, and that forcible interference with them cannot be claimed as a belligerent act, whether they pass within three miles of the Cuban coast or not, and can under no circumstances be tolerated when no state of war exists, the Secretary adds: "This government will expect prompt disavowal of the unauthorized act and due expression of regret on the part of Spain, and it must insist that immediate and positive orders be given to Spanish naval commanders not to interfere with legitimate American commerce passing through that channel, and prohibiting all acts wantonly imperiling life and property lawfully under the flag of the United States."

This decisive action of the government was followed by the departure of the cruiser *Columbia* for Havana, apparently for the purpose of emphasizing in Spanish waters the determination of Americans to insist upon full reparation for the outrage upon the national flag. It is quite certain that insults of this kind, so repeatedly offered by that Power, cannot longer be acquiesced in without incurring the contempt of all civilized nations.

AMATEUR ATHLETICS

An American Cowes.

SHOULD the New York Yacht Club, at their meeting on March 28th, see fit to indorse certain plans of two of its members, Frederick P. Sands and Robert Goellet, looking to a series of races at Newport covering an entire week during the last of August, the "queen of watering-places," ideal for yacht racing as well as for other summer sports and pastimes without exception, will henceforth become known as the Cowes of America.

For several years, among prominent members of the New York Yacht Club and summer residents at Newport, the scheme of having a yachting week similar to that held yearly at Cowes has been talked about and figured upon, but with never the show of success as now, when the coming international yacht races are a matter of daily discussion, and there's a boom generally in the sport, by virtue, in part, of the adoption of a number of reform measures having in view the increasing of interest in races from the onlooker's standpoint. The changing of the courses of the Larchmont Yacht Club to conform to the English idea of sailing over triangles two and three times is an example of reform which has done the greatest good.

Briefly, the plans of Messrs. Sands and Goellet include races for schooners and sloops—the "big uns" over the well-known outside courses, and the "wee ones" over prettily marked-out triangular courses in the bay, which may be viewed from such points of vantage as Fort Adams, the Torpedo Station, the Dumplings, Castle Hill, Jamestown, or the Point. Then it is further proposed that the woman sailor be given another chance to show her skill in cat-boat races, such as those which occurred last year wherein Mrs. John Jacob Astor and others participated, to the evident amusement of yachting folk generally.

It is hard, indeed, to imagine better water than that to be found in what is known as the "outer" harbor at Newport, and when we consider the beautiful stretch confined, say, within a radius of two miles north and south of Rose Island, and one-half mile east and west, it is quite easy to agree with those in a position to know, who say that the English inside courses are far inferior.

"Ailsa," PROSPECTIVE CUP-CHALLENGER.

Much interest centres at present with yachting enthusiasts in the *Britannia-Ailsa* contests in Mediterranean waters. Though the chances are remote indeed of the Prince of Wales's crack cutter becoming finally the challenger for the America's Cup, there is excellent ground for the assertion that *Ailsa*, the latest creation of Fife, will prove a stumbling-stone of no mean proportions to *Valkyrie III.*, which craft she will meet in a series of trial races in the coming early summer regattas in England.

The fact that *Ailsa* won her maiden race against *Britannia* in the Riviera regatta off Cannes signifies nothing other than the fact, which in itself is worthy of careful meditation, that *Ailsa* raced with little or no preparation,

with crew untried, and canvas and gear new and unstretched. But this fact, coupled with her second victory over *Britannia* by more than ten minutes corrected time, shows that Fife has really and truly created a "flyer," at least for light breezes, the conditions which prevailed in both races. Just how *Ailsa* will stand up under her immense sail, spread in a brisk to high wind, is a question upon which many cast doubts.

Ailsa, which an English critic has declared "the sweetest and best ship that young Will Fife ever put upon the water," was launched from Messrs. Inglis's yard, Glasgow, on February 7th, and her beauty of form at the time was the admiration of crowds who were on hand to get a peep at her as she took the water. Though her designer, and her owner, Mr. A. B. Walker, the millionaire brewer of Liverpool, are reticent indeed as to her dimensions, it is known well within the certainties that she is a trifle over eighty-nine feet on the load water-line, and is in the neighborhood of one hundred and twenty-seven feet over all. She is best described as an "extreme" boat in every way, having almost an abnormal overhang, beam, and sail area, moderate draught, and small displacement. With splendid ends and a taper to the stern which cannot fail to incite admiration, she possesses a graceful sheer, and the bow of a *Vigilant*, though a bit sharper. Her rudder is hung well under her, which, in consideration of the fact that her wetted surface is cut to the last quarter inch, speaks well for her spinning-about qualities like unto the top.

The schedule of races in which in English waters the Fife boat, Dunraven's *Valkyrie III.*, and the tried and true *Britannia* will later on meet must prove of unusual interest. It is as follows: The Royal Northern Yacht Club's regatta, June 29th and July 1st; the Mudhook races of July 31 and 4th; the West Scotland regatta of July 5th, and the Royal Clyde races of July 6th, 8th, and 9th. Later on will follow the Corinthian Western Langs and Campbellton regattas, which races, it is well worthy of mentioning, will form the real trial races to decide whether or no *Valkyrie III.* has the priority over *Ailsa* to contest properly for the America's Cup.

Should *Ailsa* prove far and away better than *Britannia* in the Cannes races it will stamp her at once as a wonder. On the other hand, her failure to show herself a better boat by a minute or so only will signify little when it is considered that she can hardly receive a proper "tuning up" for a month to come.

Ailsa embodies American ideas by the bushful, which should be the source of much pleasure to our home designers.

WHAT OF OUR OWN CUP-DEFENDER?

Out of a perfect maze of gossip concerning the Vanderbilt-Morgan-Iselin syndicate cup-defender now in course of construction in the Herreshoff's shops, Bristol, this much is gleaned which may be counted upon as reliable, though not absolutely accurate, owing to a want of any official utterances whatsoever. First of all, she will be a keel boat, embodying the perfect ideas responsible for the creation of the peerless *Wasp*. Secondly, a boat plated with aluminum bronze on steel frames.

While aluminum bronze has a tensile strength of one hundred and twenty thousand pounds to the square inch, Tobin bronze, the metal used on *Vigilant*, will break under a strain of more than seventy-four thousand pounds to the square inch. For this reason plates three-sixteenths of an inch in thickness may be used, rather than a quarter-inch, which means the saving in weight of quite a half-dozen tons.

It is known that the keel plate is of bronze, in three pieces, and has a total length of thirty-four feet, nine inches, which means that the lead keel, which careful estimate places at sixty-five tons in weight, is thirty-nine feet, nine inches long on top, with the greatest width, about two feet, at a point aft of its fore-and-aft line. The ends are rounded and narrower, and at about half the distance from the top the sides bulb out several inches. The depth is five feet, six inches.

The most conservative estimate of her dimensions places her length over all at one hundred and twenty-seven feet; load water-line length, eighty-nine feet plus; beam, twenty-four feet, and draught eighteen feet plus. The sail plan will be on the gigantic order, with a main boom probably one hundred to one hundred and two feet long. Generally speaking, the new boat will possess a shallower body, finer lines, and a more fully developed fin than any Herreshoff "big gun" yet built. She should prove as stiff as a church under her immense sail spread, and hang on to windward à la centreboard.

A BUTTERWORTH OPINION.

Former full-back Butterworth, speaking of the foot-ball reform situation the other day, expressed the opinion that little good could come of changing or tampering with the present playing code. Like young Carl Williams, captain of the Pennsylvania team, he thought

that attention of a reform nature should be paid the officials, who do not always act decisively and according not only to the spirit but the letter of the rules. As an example of this the great full back might have cited instances which occurred in the Harvard-Yale game at Springfield last November.

While I have no doubt, as will surely be shown later on, when the reform legislators get to work, that the rules need a decided overhauling, it cannot be denied that Butterworth sounds the key-note to a state of affairs which has existed to the great detriment of the game in the past, and must not be allowed to continue in the future. It may be stated as an incontrovertible fact that foot-ball players in the heat of battle will now and then play a bit roughly, perhaps too roughly, unless there be close at hand a restraining influence, and all the rules in the world, of the very best and of the most perfect kind, can never constitute such a restraining influence unless the official in charge is a fearless man, bent on their full observation.

Butterworth is authority for the statement, by the way, that Thorne, the Yale captain of foot-ball of 1895, is showing most promising signs of development as the outcome of the conferred honor by his fellow-players. Whereas, as a player in the ranks, Thorne at times evinced a nervous disposition, which often resulted in robbing him of "snap," he was now shouldering the burdens incident to the captaincy in a most encouraging way, which prophesied well for a clear-headed and determined sort of policy in running his team when the season had actually begun. In other words, the honor had aged and settled him to a full realization of the responsibilities of the position. Speaking of the spring work of candidates for quarter-back, the famous full-back said that Thorne's idea was simply to break certain new men into a few of the details of the position, in order that time might be spared for other things when the season opened in the fall. The few details simply mean the acquiring of facility in handling the ball, passing it, and learning the quarter position for interference in end runs.

W.T. Bull.

New York Real Estate.

MEN yet living remember when the cows grazed where Bleeker Street now is, and when Canal Street was "up-town." The marvelous growth of New York and its environs in the last half-century has called into being an army of experts in land titles and values, known as real-estate agents.

The best known, and probably the ablest metropolitan real-estate man, is Edwin A. Cruikshank, a direct descendant of the first real-estate agent in New York City. He is the son of James Cruikshank, well known in the last generation as a local real-estate agent and as the builder of the earliest bulk-heads and piers in the city. The family has always been prominent, even before coming to this country, and the father and two uncles of Mr. Cruikshank, while serving in the War of 1812, helped to throw up the breastworks on Long Island,



EDWIN A. CRUIKSHANK.

and defend them against the British. He himself served in the Thirteenth Brooklyn regiment during the war of the Rebellion, and subsequently as lieutenant in the Eighty-ninth Regiment, National Guard, State of New York.

Born in 1843, Mr. Cruikshank received the usual educational advantages afforded by the public schools of the city, and entered active business life as an office-boy. His success since then has been phenomenal, and his attainments, based on sound judgment and strong character, brilliant. Thirty-seven years of unremittent

toil have earned for him fortune and the reputation of being a sober-minded, earnest, clean-handed gentleman, whose judgment in matters pertaining to real estate is second to that of no man in New York. Mr. Cruikshank's social position is high. He is one of the incorporators of the Real Estate Exchange, and has been successively treasurer, vice-president, and president of that institution. He is director in the New York Plate Glass Insurance Company, and the Real Estate Loan and Trust Company. He is a prominent Mason and club-man. In his capacity as real-estate agent he has clients in many parts of Europe, as well as all over the United States.

Our Foreign Pictures.

THE LEGATIONS AT PEKING.

THE events of the Sino-Japanese war, up to date, point to the irresistible conclusion that the soldiers of the Celestial Empire are no match for the invaders. They maintain, however, in the capital, and wherever they have not as yet come in contact with the enemy, the traditional confidence in their own invincibility. Two pictures, from recent photographs, which we reproduce from the *Paris Illustration*, give a not very reassuring idea of the personnel and equipment of these valiant troops. They show the guards, armed with lances and bayonet-knives mounted on decorated handles three or four feet long, detailed for the protection of the legation buildings.

BRETON FISHER-FOLK.

Whoever has read Pierre Loti's beautiful and pathetic story, "Pêcheur d'Islande," has a vivid idea of the life and hardships of those simple toilers of the sea, the fishermen of Brittany, who sail away in midwinter for the fishing-banks of Iceland and Newfoundland, on weary voyages lasting months and months—if they return at all. Over five thousand men are engaged in this perilous industry, and one of the principal ports represented is the quaint old town of Paimpol. This year Paimpol alone sent out a fleet of sixty barks, of about one hundred tons each, and each manned by a crew of from twenty to twenty-five. The departure of these fishing-barks was the occasion of the picturesque ceremony shown in our illustration, when, in the presence of the assembled population of the port, they received the formal blessing of the church.

London's Epicures.

[FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]



M. ECHENARD.

LONDON, March 10th, 1895:—It is a debatable question in England just now whether Buckingham Palace, or the *Savoy Hotel*, or Victoria Embankments is the more indispensable; there is a large majority decidedly in favor of the latter. England's puritanism had to make room for the sermons of Messrs. Ritz and Echenard—two very remarkable men—who have taught Great Britain the difference between the roasts of Lear's day—and a mighty difference, too—and the most ingenious combinations of Monsieur Escoffier, unquestionably the greatest *maître d'hôtel* the world has ever produced. Messrs. Votel and Souffé not excepted. The guest is cradled in a contented mood by the Oriental splendor of sumptuous surroundings. Electric lights in shape of fruit clusters reflect soothingly under multi-colored shades. The separate tables are half screened by exotic flowers, and artistic silverware shines brightly on immaculate linen. Clever waiters, lithe and swift, in neat uniform, flit about at the whisper of the guest. The cream of London's society is here. Everybody who has twenty dollars to spend on his best girl drops in at the *Savoy* to dine or sup. In England, and particularly at this hotel, gentlemen and ladies appear strictly in evening dress. The gentlemen tall, and with a fourteenth-century gait, look well; so do the ladies, who wear little below and less above. The English women, at least those I saw here, require but little art. She coquettes with nature, and becomes unusually interesting to the eye, hence all eyes are upon her. A select Hungarian band plays plaintive music, and completes the humor of a lively appetite.

In this small world—for some five hundred active bodies are "working" the incomparable menu of the *Savoy* move about the two men par excellence, Messrs. Ritz and Echenard, whose vigilant eyes divine the guest's most secret whims. Every want is anticipated; nothing is neglected. The wealth here concentrated is great. The splendors of Sidonian looms, together with gold and precious stones of the Indies, enable these affluent guests to sit on velvet and lean against gilded rails.

To my left is the Duke of Devonshire, with the Duchess *vis-à-vis*, and that stately gentleman with snow white hair, addressing the latter just now, is Baron Hirsch, worth at least a hundred million dollars. At another table sits Baron Rothschild, chief of the London house, flanked by the Lord Mayor, multum in parvo, for he is a little man, who toys with a

dainty poularde, and winks at the Right Hon. Earl of Rosebery. That little gentleman with a fragrant boutonniere, in faultless evening dress, is the new planet on England's financial horizon, Mr. Belt, of African diamond mines fame. He is in a fair way to roll up several hundred million dollars. He entertains to-night the Hon. Cecil Rhodes, Mr. Robinson, and a host of celebrities. I could extend the list *ad infinitum*, but will only add our own "Willie" Vanderbilt, who presides in a *chambre séparée* with an even dozen friends, including the Duchess of Manchester and several beautiful ladies, all of whom smile at his gilded jokes.

This picturesque scene, with half a thousand appetites and double that number of hobbies—for, according to Manager Echenard, "every man has his hobby, and every woman has two"—is regulated by the imperturbable judgment of the man whose picture completes this article. He is remarkable, indeed, and many-sided. To a commanding presence and fine figure he adds a sympathetic temper, affable and sincere; a humorous twinkly mischievousness plays hide-and-seek in the "mirrors of his soul." His ready cheeks testify to sporting propensities, for he is a crack shot, as he is also a well-read man. Nature has blessed him with a melodious voice, and a keen, penetrating mind. He is a native of Switzerland, a.d. of course, very Frenchy, but he can quote English like a Bunker-Hill orator.

"You wonder at their appetite?" he turns to me; "why, it's perfectly reasonable. We have discovered the philosopher's stone which is embodied in the alchemist: 'De toutes les sciences la cuisine est la plus indéfiniment perfectible.' Of all sciences that of cooking is the most indefinable, and he goes on to explain the intricacies of Monsieur Escoffier's clever culinary inventions, which, according to Mr. Echenard's solemn assurance, exceed his world-famed dishes which he used to prepare for his friend, Napoleon III., with whom he shared imprisonment on Wilhelmshöhe. "Do the Americans eat much? I should say no. Your ladies are slow and small eaters, and lovable indeed," and with truly French admiration he rolls his eye heavenward and invokes the gods to endorse the statement. "The American lady, and particularly the younger set," he went on, "is to my notion the sweetest customer any *hôte* can have. She is always breezy, never tiresome, with an irresistible abandon, and a fetching lun or Do I like her? With all my heart," and the descendant of William Tell touches the gold medal buttoned over his heart, conferred on him as cavalier by the reigning Grand Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha.

"Oh, Mr. Echenard, do come and decide my dispute with Mabel," and fair Miss Baker, of Baltimore, a rare beauty, shakes her bejeweled finger and magnetically draws him to her side. "Join us in the parlor, won't you?" was her coaxing shout as he is about turning to the other four hundred and ninety-six guests. "You are evidently a favorite with our ladies," I broke in, with a twinkle, but diplomatic Echenard declined to debate the question, saying: "We have entertained many of the foremost Americans, from your great Depew, Rockefeller, the Astors, Goulds, Vanderbilts, down to—well, almost *toute l'Amerique*. Several have invited me to visit them. Mrs. J. of Brooklyn, and Miss H. of Boston, etc., but I cannot leave the house. However, I have resolved to take a vacation, perhaps soon, and my intention is to visit the land of the brave and the free."

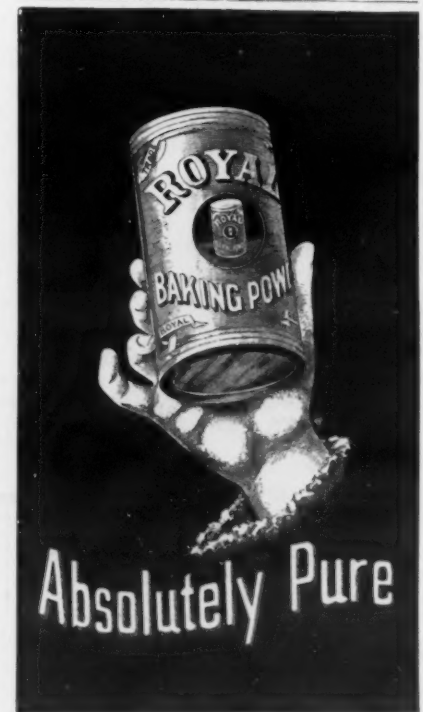
Mr. Echenard is now a part of London's history. His experience in the business covers a number of successful years in the principal cities of Europe, and enables him to draw a salary equal to one-half of that paid President Cleveland, and with a much superior table service to the landlord of the White House.

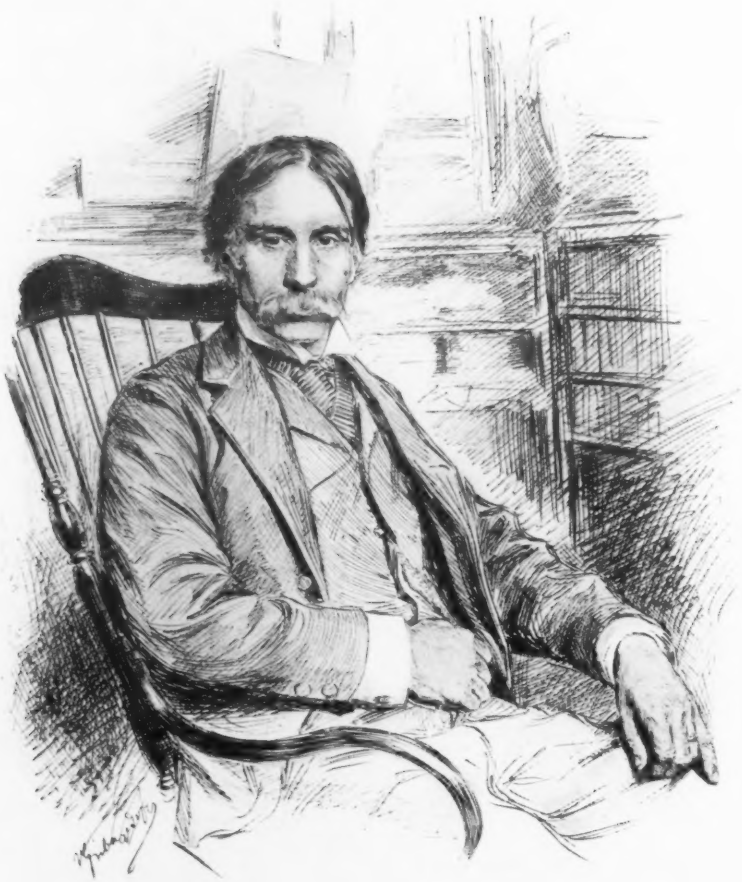
During the bright noon-hours on the following day, seated on the veranda of the *Savoy*, I admired the incomparable beauties—the sweep across the Boulevard, with Cleopatra's needle staring us in the face, noble Westminster to the right, whilst the tall Gothic towers of the new Law Courts intercept the view to the left, and the Thames, with its broadest bend beneath us—a scene unforgettable, indeed. C. F. D.

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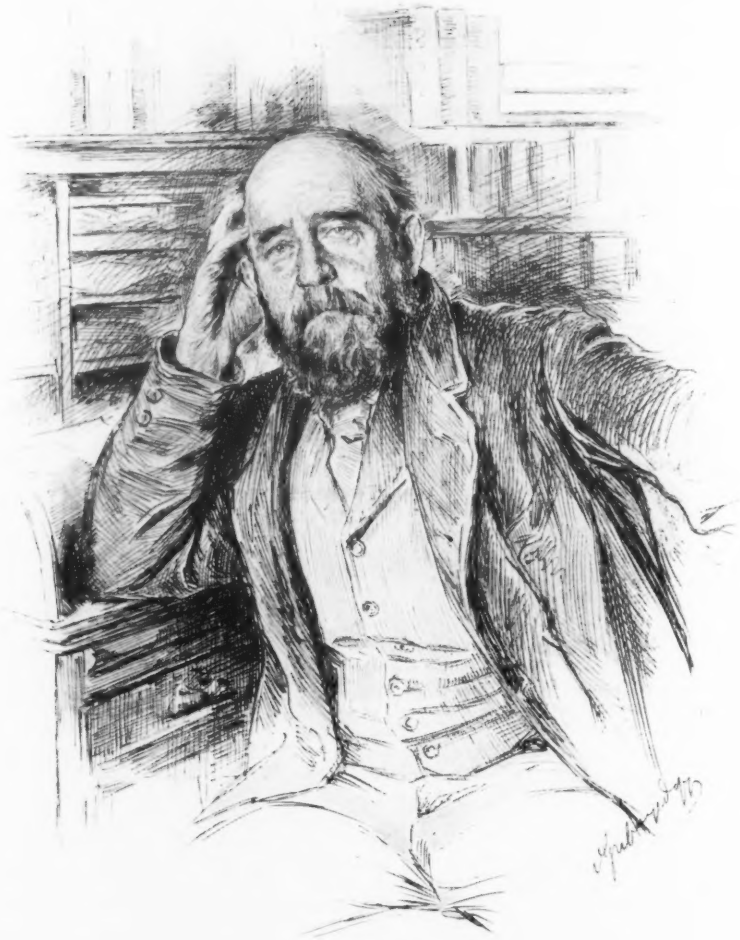
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If you do you will be glad to hear that the Kola plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa, is reported a positive cure for the disease. The Kola Importing Company, 1164 Broadway, New York, have such faith in this new discovery, that they are sending out free by mail, large trial cases of Kola Compound to all sufferers from Asthma who send their name and address on a postal-card. Write to them.*





R. W. GILDER, PRESIDENT OF THE COMMITTEE OF INQUIRY

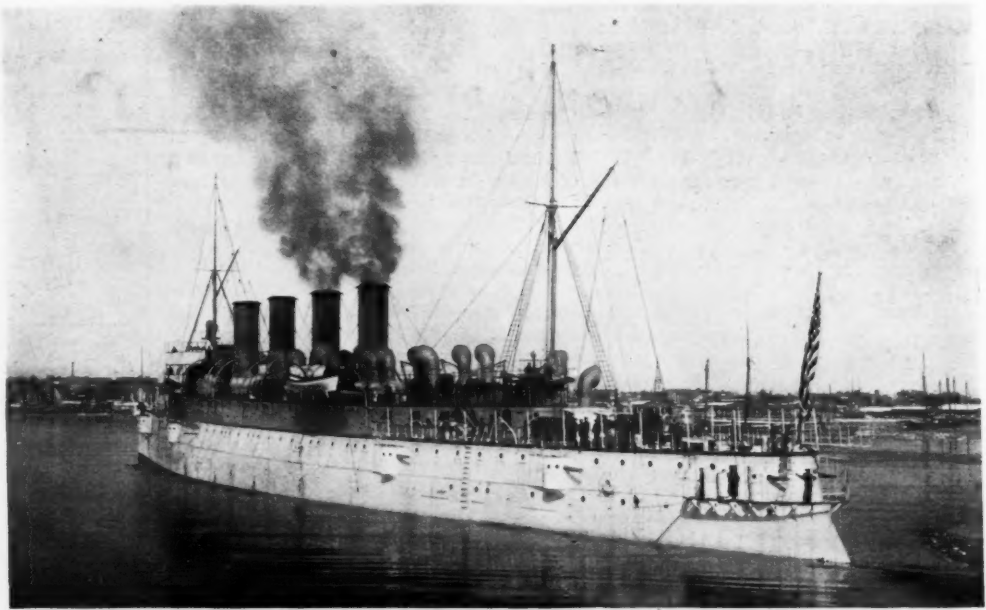


HENRY GEORGE

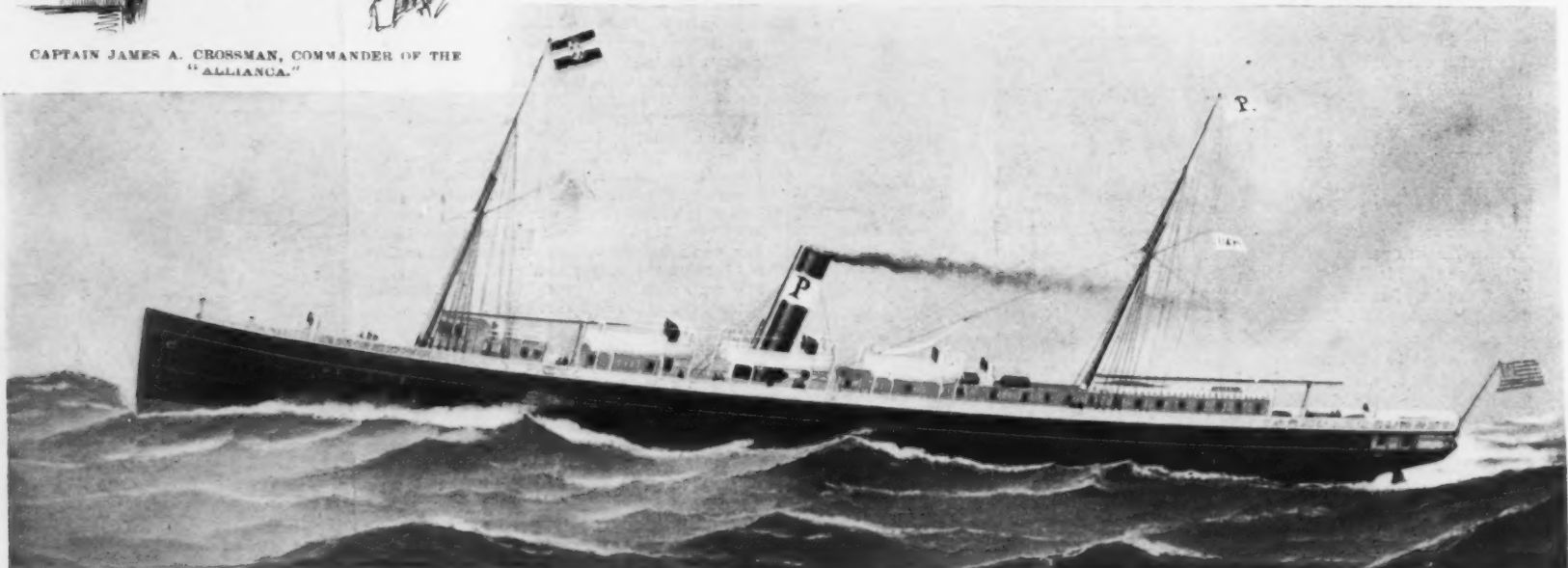
THE MOVEMENT FOR TENEMENT REFORM IN NEW YORK—DISCUSSION OF THE COMMITTEE REPORT BY RICHARD WATSON GILDER AND HENRY GEORGE.—DRAWN BY V. GRIBAYÉDOFF.—[SEE PAGE 200.]



CAPTAIN JAMES A. CROSSMAN, COMMANDER OF THE "ALLIANÇA."



THE UNITED STATES CRUISER "COLUMBIA," ORDERED TO HAVANA SIMULTANEOUSLY WITH OUR DEMAND FOR REPARATION.



ALLIANÇA.

THE LATEST SPANISH INSULT TO THE AMERICAN FLAG—THE MAIL STEAMSHIP "ALLIANÇA" FIRED UPON BY A SPANISH GUN-BOAT OFF THE EAST END OF CUBA.—[SEE PAGE 204.]



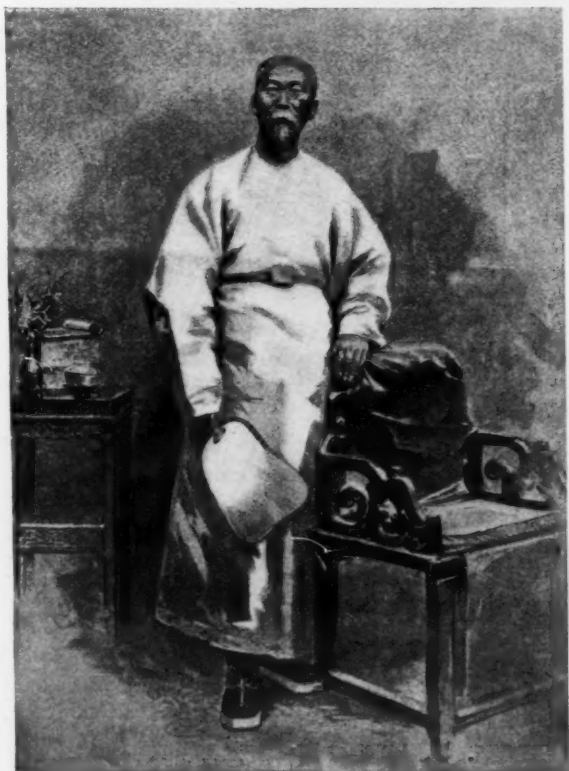
THE CHINO-JAPANESE WAR—GUARD BEFORE THE FRENCH LEGATION, PEKING.
L'illustration, Paris.



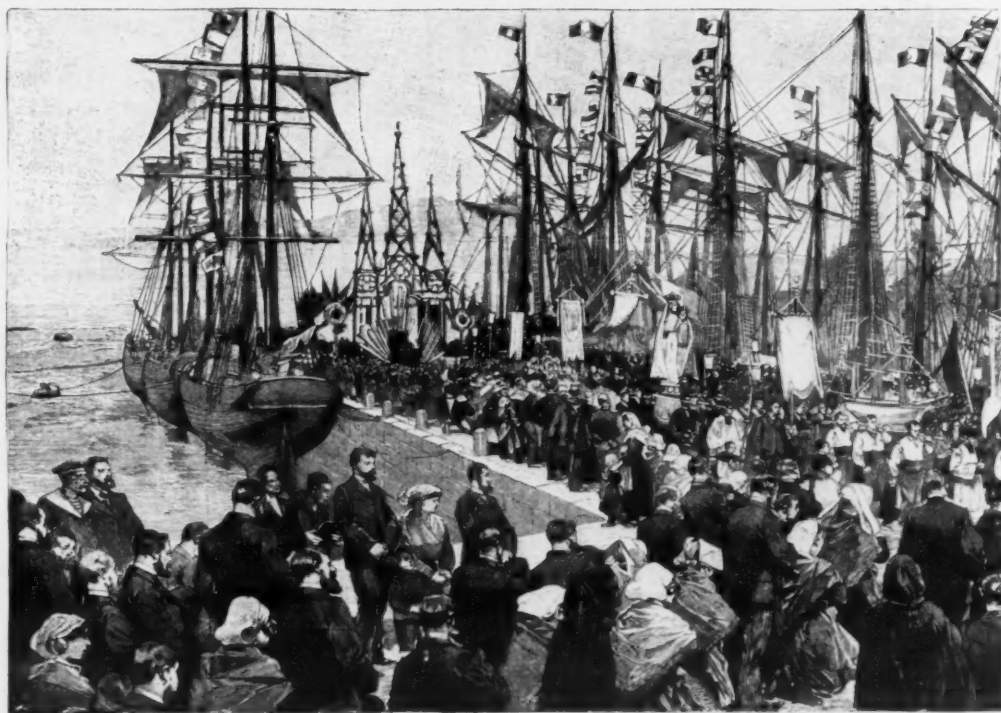
SOLDIERS OF THE LEGATION GUARD AT PEKING.—*L'illustration, Paris.*



THE WAR IN THE EAST—JAPANESE TROOPS CONVOYING A BODY OF CHINESE PRISONERS.—*London Graphic.*



LI HUNG CHANG, PEACE AMBASSADOR FROM CHINA TO JAPAN.



BENEDICTION OF FISHING BARKS AT PAIMPOL, BRITTANY, PREVIOUS TO THEIR DEPARTURE FOR ICELAND AND NEWFOUNDLAND.—*L'illustration, Paris.*

RESULT OF THE "WORD METHOD."

MRS. WARD (on Friday)—"Dear me, Richie! it's dreadful for you to be so behindhand with your spelling. Now see if you can spell 'yesterday.'"

Richie (with one eye on the calendar)—"T-h-u-r-s yester, d-a-y day, yesterday."—Judge.

FLORIDA is of peculiar interest as the modern Mecca of the capitalist, the tourist, the pleasure, and the health-seeker. Notwithstanding the many articles which have been and are still being daily written upon its charms, it can never be fully understood or appreciated until visited. And now that it has been rendered so easily accessible from all points North, East, South, and West by the completion of "The New Short Line" via the Southern and the Florida Central and Peninsular Railways, it will soon become the one great winter resort of America. The approach now, no matter from what direction, is one not only of convenience, but of positive luxury.

The Southern Railway, that superb and colossal company whose tracks gridiron the region south of Washington, has brought the southernmost coast of the peninsula within a short distance of New York and other Eastern cities. The traveler may leave the metropolis after the day is nearly done and be transported by the magnificent "Florida Limited" to Jacksonville—the gateway by which the throngs that visit Florida every winter enter the State—in time for dinner the following evening.

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An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East Indian missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 830 Powers' Block, Rochester, New York.

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is cheaper than any quantity of cure. Don't give children narcotics or sedatives. They are unnecessary when the infant is properly nourished, as it will be if brought up on the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk.

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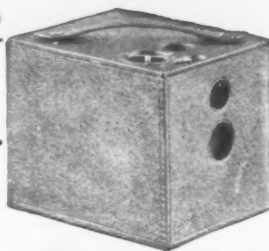
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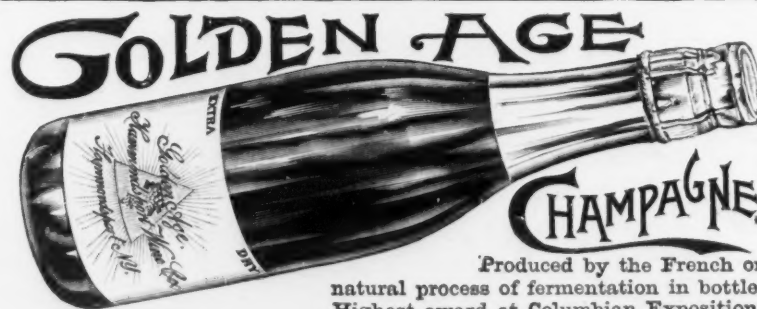


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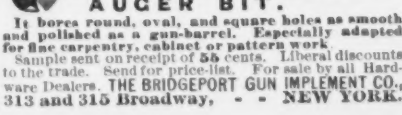
accidental displacements have not uninfrequently given rise to interesting variations.



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This Company owns Letters Patent No. 463,569, granted to Emile Berliner November 17, 1891, for a combined Telegraph and Telephone, and controls Letters Patent No. 474,231, granted to Thomas A. Edison May 3, 1892, for a Speaking Telegraph, which Patents cover fundamental inventions and embrace all forms of microphone transmitters and of carbon telephones.

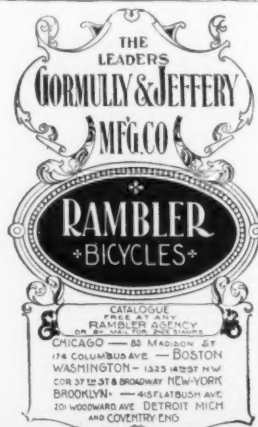
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